THE

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SATISFACTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLIO STANLEY.

A day and a night—and the storm came down:
The wind and the rain together
Beat continually on my garden-ground
Till, all in the gloomy weather,
My white rose bowed her beautiful head,
And my lily, heavy-hearted,
Leaned to the earth; so Joy and I
By a day and a night were parted!

One little day of happiness,
One little eve of gladness;
And beyond the sea of death my love
Lies wrecked in utter sadness!
But soft the home-wind blows to-night,
And the silver shore seems nearer;
The voice of memory, clear and sweet,
Sounds nearer still and dearer!

O, Life! let your white ship sail fast,
For the days and the nights are lonely;
O, Sea! what sad hearts wait to-night,
Beguiled by your sad waves only!
On either shore true lovers stand;
But to-day must wed to-morrow,
Ere the angel of Death shall bring to us
The balm for all our sorrow!

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY KETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

It was just such a spot as romance delights to revel in, being the picturesque lawn pertaining to a handsome villa, called Roundwood, situated on the banks of the Hudson.

Two persons were sauntering along one of the gravel walks—a gentleman and a lady. Both were young, and both more than ordinarily handsome.

The lady had a lithe, tenuous figure; a calm, bright face, with eyes blue as some fringed gentian; a red, ripe, strawberry-colored mouth, and an abundance of yellowish brown hair, soft as floss silk and beautiful as spun gold.

In his way the young gentleman might be considered a type of manly perfection, being tall and straight and strong, with features that would have done honor to a Greek god; a frank, fearless hazel eye, a bold brow, and rich, brown hair, with a slight tendency to curl.

This young Apollo was named Vincent Raynham. He and his twin-brother, Victor, were the only children of their widowed mother, the mistress of Roundwood.

The young lady, Miss Dora Desmond by name, was a sort of *protégée* of Mrs. Raynham's; that is, one of those incomprehensible feminine friendships had sprung up between the two, in consequence of which Miss Desmond, though a young lady of fortune and position, spent much of her time at Roundwood.

Mrs. Raynham fondly hoped that she would eventually come there "for good," as the bride of one of her sons.

Her wishes seemed likely to be consummated, for both the young men were fond of Dora. But more of that anon. The history of their attachments must be unfolded gradually.

It is with Vincent Raynham that we have to do at the present moment. At the time when we introduce him to the reader, he had been but a few hours in the house, having returned that morning from a pleasure trip to some of the Southern States.

From the moment of crossing the threshold of his home he had been in a frame of mind anything but enviable. The cause of his anxiety may be explained in two words; he had observed certain indications in his brother's manner towards Dora Desmond, and in Dora's manner towards his brother, which proved conclusively to his mind that unless he made some bold and decided movement the young lady was lost to him forever.

Hence, he had instantly determined to make such a movement.

He waited, with all the patience he could command, until the early dinner was over. Then he had said:

"I have not seen the flower garden since my return, and I take a deep interest in anything of the sort. Miss Dora, may I trouble *you* to show it me?"

Wholly unsuspicious of his motive, she nodded a smiling assent; and that is the way they happened to be sauntering about in the gravel walks.

When he once had her all to himself on the lawn, however, the sly young fellow seemed to have forgotten the flower garden entirely. He led her up and down the various paths, talking glibly, but with a certain deep look in his hazel eyes which was not often to be seen there.

At last he paused, and slightly pressed the young girl's hand.

"Dora," he said, eagerly, "can you not guess why I brought you here?"

"To see the flower garden, of course," she answered, innocently. "Shall we approach it a little faster?"

"No." His hand now clung to hers as if it never intended to let go. "I don't care a rush for the flower garden. I wanted to see you alone, because I have something to say to you."

She started at that, and drew slightly away from him.

"I do not know what you can have to communicate that might not have been told just as well at the house."

"Of course you do not," he cried, impetuously. "I have never meant to wear my heart on my sleeve when others were about, Dora. But I don't mind wearing it there now, since you and I are alone together. Indeed, I would be glad to have you read for yourself all there is in it. I should thus be saved the trouble of putting its secret into words."

Dora flushed and then paled again. "I will save you the trouble," she said, a trifle haughtily, "by going back to the house."

She sought to move on, but he caught both her hands now, and held her fast.

"Perhaps I'm a fool for speaking out so abruptly," he exclaimed, his lips trembling and losing their ripe, ruddy look. "But I'm afraid to keep my passion to myself any longer; I fear a thousand ills that shall be nameless. Oh, Dora, I love you! I cannot give you up! I will not! There, you know now what there was in my heart that I wished to put into words. You know my secret."

He spoke rapidly, and in a tone of half-desperate vehemence. He could not help observing the girl's shrinking gesture, but went on to the end in spite of it.

Dora grew paler than before, and trembled all over. "I am sorry," she murmured, faintly; "very, very sorry."

"You do not love me?"

"I do not love you."

The words dropped clear and silvery from her lips this time. And they were such words as struck a death blow to his hopes.

He turned away from her for an instant, so that she could not see his face; but his head was down, and with his heel he was slowly grinding a hole in the gravel of the walk. At last he gasped huskily, like a man catching his breath:

"I think I understand how it is," he said, presently wheeling round again. "My brother Victor has been before me. You love him."

She did not answer, but a sudden fire leaped into her eyes.

He saw it. "Nay do not be angry with me, Dora," he exclaimed. "I do not wish to complain, or even to force a confidence from you. Since the boon of your priceless love is not for me, I am only too glad that it has been bestowed upon Victor."

"I did not say that," she cried, naively.

"There is no need. And I repeat that I am glad. My brother is a noble fellow. If anybody in all the wide world is worthy of such purity and loveliness, Victor is that man!"

She looked up at him quickly, a little flash of surprise breaking over her face. It was something new in her experience of men for a rejected suitor to extol his more favored rival.

"Dear Vincent," she said, with sudden warmth, "I never knew before what a good, true heart throbs in your bosom. Believe me, I am very deeply grieved that I should have caused you the least pain."

Then she gave him her hand. He bowed low over it, so that his face was hidden from her for the second time. After a minute's hesitation, he lifted the little snow-flake to his lips and pressed a kiss upon it.

Dora drew back hastily. Her quick ear had caught the sound of a step on the gravel. Looking up, she saw an almost marvelously beautiful woman approaching.

She was tall and elegant, and beautifully dressed. Her face was generously tinged with dark blood, the lips pulped with luscious crimson, and a rich carmine color glowing on either cheek. Indeed, it was one of those flawless faces for which another Marc Antony might fling a world away.

Her eyes were large, dark, almond-shaped, and shaded by thick curled lashes which gave them a look at once enticing and bewildering. The brow was low and broad, and over it broke a profusion of scented hair, dead-black in hue and indescribably soft and silky to look upon. Her figure was lithe and supple, and full of graceful curves.

She came nearer and nearer, and presently passed them; but not before she had greeted Dora with a charming smile, and recognized Vincent's presence by a slight nod.

"Who is she?" whispered the young man eagerly, long ere the lovely vision had disappeared in the shrubbery.

Dora was shivering there in the warm sunlight as if an icy breath of air had blown over her.

"A MAN'S FIGURE CROUCHING, GLIDING, CREEPING THROUGH THE SHADOWY DARKNESS."

"The new tenant of Lotus Lodge," she answered, in a very faint voice.

"Her name?"

"Miss Honoria Peyton."

"Do you know her?"

"Slightly. We have met, casually, two or three times."

"In the grounds, I suppose?"

"Yes. Your mother has given her the privilege of coming here to walk as often as she pleases."

"Does she frequently avail herself of the permission?"

"Quite frequently."

"And you know nothing of her history?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. She lives quite secluded at Lotus Lodge with a single servant, who accompanied her when she came. She has neither received nor paid visits, and yet she seems to be wealthy and accomplished."

"Strange," muttered Vincent, thoughtfully. "Why should a young and beautiful woman seclude herself in that manner? There must be something in her past life which she wishes to conceal."

"I do not know."

Dora drew her scarf more closely around her. "Come," said she, beginning to move onward toward the house. "Let us go in. I am tired and out of sorts."

She spoke with the troubled accent of a person whose mind is full of nameless forebodings.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Dora parted with Vincent at the hall door, and immediately sought her own apartment.

The young man felt the same disinclination for companionship, and would have followed her example without first speaking with any member of the family but for the fact that he was met by his brother Victor on the stairs.

As is generally the case, the twin-brothers bore a remarkable resemblance to each other. It was so striking that even their friends were sometimes puzzled to tell one from the other. Victor was a trifle less gay and animated than his brother, perhaps; he had a firmer lip and a franker smile. But only a close observer could have detected any difference whatever.

Vincent felt worried and annoyed. A filmy, impenetrable look came into his hazel eyes. He made a movement as if he would have pushed rudely past his brother, then came to a sudden standstill and extended his hand.

"Forgive me, Victor," he said, speaking in the repressed tone of one who is struggling violently with himself. "I felt half angry with you for a moment. But it is gone now."

"Why were you angry?" asked Victor.

The young man turned away his face. A momentary flash leaped up through the film in his downcast eyes.

"Listen, my brother," said he, after a brief pause. "You may as well have the truth from my lips as from those of some third person. It is sure to come out, sooner or later. Listen, I say again. I have been making love to Dora Desmond."

"To Dora?"

"Yes. Why not? Did you think nobody save yourself had the soul to appreciate that angel?"

"No, no, no!"

The denial was uttered in a rapid, half-frightened tone of voice. Vincent glanced up quickly at his brother's face.

"Forgive me again," he murmured, sweetly. "I am not quite myself to-day. I don't mind telling you that the disappointment was very bitter—for of course Dora rejected my love. But I shall get over it in time, my brave boy. I shall become accustomed to thinking of her as your promised wife, and will not care."

"Poor Vincent."

"Nay, don't pity me. I couldn't bear that just at the present time. Besides, I can conquer my love very soon, now that I know how helpless it is. I am sure I can. But promise me one thing, my brother. What has happened shall not alienate us in the slightest degree; promise me that."

"I do promise."

"Thank you."

Victor's lips twitched convulsively. Of a sudden he lifted both arms and flung them round his brother's neck.

"Dora is dearer to me than my own life," he cried. "I should wish to die if she ceased to care for me. But I cannot stand in your light. If you can win her from me you are free to do so; and I will never murmur. I will never reproach you."

Vincent started, and changed color. "No," he said, sharply, "I will never become my brother's rival!"

With these words, which may or may not have been full of lurking sarcasm, he turned and went swiftly upstairs, thus putting an end to the conversation.

Victor clung to the baluster, feeling hurt and shocked.

"This is awkward, very awkward," he muttered, thoughtfully. "It is strange that I never suspected Vincent of caring for Dora. But what can I do? I love her, and she loves me."

Before his meditations had proceeded any further, there came a hasty pull at the door-bell, and a servant shortly made his appearance in the hall.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he announced.

Victor started like a person rudely awakened from a dream.

"Show him into the library," he said, leading the way to that apartment.

He had scarcely seated himself when the door opened and his unexpected visitor was ushered in.

He was a tall, handsome, brown-bearded man of about fifty. He had just such eyes and hair as Victor's own, and bore a striking resemblance to him in other respects.

He came forward with the easy, insolent swagger of a man who feels perfectly assured of his own position, not seeming to know, or to care, at least, that Victor had recoiled and grown white as a corpse at sight of him.

"My dear fellow," he said, suavely, "I am delighted to see you."

Victor shrank further and further away from him, and seemed to tremble in every limb with some nameless horror.

"You?" he gasped. "*You?*"

"Can't you see for yourself?" was the impudent answer. "Who else should it be?"

Victor shook off the spell that was upon him. He rose up like a panther springing upon his prey.

"Villain," he shouted, catching fiercely hold of the man's arm, "how dared you come here? How dared you cross this threshold?"

"Victor Raynham, I'm afraid you do not understand me; otherwise, you would know there are very few things I would not dare. I am a reckless man."

"Shame, if nothing else, should have kept you away from this house," panted Victor.

His visitor winced.

"There may come a time," he said, sullenly, "when even shame has lost its power."

"I cannot talk of that. Go away! Go quickly. Go, before you are seen by anybody else."

"Humph! I decline to go until my object in coming here has been accomplished."

"What is that? What do you want?"

"Money."

"You shall have it. Only begone. I will meet you anywhere that you may elect. Go, go, go!"

The poor fellow was like a mad man. His face was frightfully pale; with the palms of his hands he sought to push the unwelcome intruder towards the door.

In vain—all in vain. The man would not stir, but lowered upon him with a mocking sneer.

"Remember," he growled savagely, "if trouble comes of my presence in this house, you have brought it on yourself."

"How?"

"You would not answer my letters."

"I received none."

"Not even that in which I asked the *loan* of five thousand dollars?"

"I told you," cried Victor, angrily, "that I received no letters whatever."

"Then they must have been intercepted. I wrote several; and, not hearing from you in return, I made bold to come to Roundwood in person."

"You shall have the money. I will fetch it to you in the village. You shall have it at whatever cost to myself. Will not that promise content you? Will you not go, now?"

"Yes, I will go."

He turned, as he spoke, and moved towards the door. Just at that instant light footsteps were heard in the passage outside. Uttering a shrill, despairing cry, Victor darted forward with the evident intention of keeping out all intruders.

He was too late. The knob turned, and the door swung on its hinges before he could possibly reach it. A woman slowly crossed the threshold.

It was Mrs. Raynham. She was still a young-looking woman, although considerably on the shady side of forty. But she had one of those complexions that do not lose their freshness early. There were lines of care and suffering, however, round the sweet, mobile mouth.

"I came for the book I was reading last night," she began. "It is—"

She stopped abruptly, alarmed by the strange pallor of Victor's face. Then her startled gaze wandered quickly to the countenance of the man who stood beside him. She stared at the stranger an instant as if all her faculties had been suddenly merged in that of sight. Her face blanched to the ghastly hue of a corpse; the cold damps of fear stood out in great beads on her forehead. She threw up both her arms with a wild, wild cry.

Then she fell on the floor at her son's feet, in a dead swoon.

Victor gave a savage growl, such as might have come from the throat of some infuriated wild beast.

"Devil," he roared, shaking his clenched fists in the leering face of his visitor, "this is your work. If she is dead, I will kill you!"

"Bah!" was the insulting answer. "Women don't die so easily. She has only fainted."

Victor lifted that poor, senseless figure in his arm, and bore it to a couch.

"I pray God that she did not recognize you," he murmured. "I hope she will never know you for the hardened villain you are."

"Bah! Don't be tragic, my dear Victor. The *rôle* does not become you."

At that, the young man swung on his heel and faced him, a sudden fury flashing from his hazel orbs.

"Leave the house, scoundrel," he said, between his shut teeth, "or, by the heaven above us, I'll call the servants and have you flung from the door, let the consequences to myself be what they will."

"Softly, my young friend, softly. You seem to forget the nature of the tie that unites you and me."

Victor caught his breath sharply.

"I recognize no tie whatever," he cried.

Then his voice seemed to fail him for a moment. There was a sudden choking in his throat, and he added, in a pleading whisper—

"For mercy's sake, go away; I cannot bear this scene much longer. You ought to know better than play too long with the mouse in your claws. Go, go! I might lose all control over myself, and kill you."

"Wait!" The man approached the couch where Mrs. Raynham was lying. "I must take a long look at *her* face before I leave the house. Surely you, who know how many years have come and gone since I have seen it so near, will not deny me that poor privilege?"

Victor did not answer. He stood with his head down, shaking as with a chill. He knew that the man was standing beside the couch whereon his mother was lying, but had not the strength to drag him away.

There was a long silence in the room. At last a hand that trembled a little was pushed out and dropped upon Victor's, and a voice said hoarsely, close to his ear:

"I'm going now, my boy. Remember the money—five thousand dollars, and not a penny less. I shall remain in the village until you fetch it."

The young man did not stir. He heard the door open and shut and knew that his dreaded visitor was gone. But he still stood like a statue, rooted to the spot.

"God be merciful!" he moaned, faintly. "God direct me!"

The next instant the door-knob turned softly, and light steps stole to his side.

"What has happened?" asked Dora's sweetly-tremulous tones. "I was sitting in my bed-chamber, and heard strange noises proceeding from this room. What did they mean? And, ah, just heaven! Why are you so pale and so wild-looking?"

Her anxious face drew close up to his own in eager questioning. Her scented breath fanned his cheek, and a single silken tress of her hair blew across his lips.

He kissed it, then put her gently away from him. But he did not speak.

"Victor," she cried, in real alarm, "why are you so silent? Who was the man who went away just now? What did he mean when he told you to fetch him five thousand dollars in the village? What *did* he mean? I fear there is something dreadful connected with this affair."

The poor fellow found voice at last.

"Did you hear that?" he gasped. "Did you hear what that devil said to me?"

"Only a word or two. But quite enough to frighten and distress me. Victor, my own Victor, will you not tell me what it all means?"

"You must not ask me," and he caught her hand, crushing it fiercely in his own as he spoke. "Look there; you and I have no time to waste in idle words."

He led her up to the couch. She had not seen the senseless figure lying there before. An Indian screen had hidden it from her where she stationed herself on first entering the apartment.

A low, startled cry fell from her lips.

"Dead! dead!" she gasped. "It isn't possible that she is dead?"

"No," said Victor, soothingly. "My mother has only fainted. But you and I must restore her before she is seen by any third person in this plight."

Dora glanced up at him in a bewildered way. Something in his cold, mechanical tones shocked and startled her. But she ran for restoratives without having uttered a single word in response.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

Some minutes elapsed before Mrs. Raynham betrayed signs of returning consciousness.

When at last her bosom began to heave and she breathed a long, gasping sigh, instead of leaning over her with anxious solicitude, as a loving son should have done, Victor threw himself on the floor at the foot of the couch, leaned his head on his hands, and strove to collect his thoughts.

What should he say to the wretched woman when she was well enough to question him?

The truth? Ah, God help him! for he was not brave enough to do that.

Dora regarded him furtively, and with manifest displeasure. When at last Mrs. Raynham opened her eyes, and softly whispered his name, "Victor," the girl turned upon him and said angrily:

"If you are not a brute, come this instant and speak to your mother."

He rose up wearily and drew near. A strange oppression weighed him down—an almost painful consciousness of external things. Even Dora's presence seemed to disturb him, for the first time in his experience of her—the hot summer sunshine streaming in at the open window—the droning noise of insect life, and chatter of birds without—and also the sight of his mother's colorless face. Everything jarred on some sensitive chord, all too highly strung.

If he was in a half-stunned state of mind, Mrs. Raynham's condition was no better. She gazed stupidly about her, and finally thrust out one hand and laid it on his own.

"What has happened?" she asked, faintly.

"I do not know. And yet I feel a terrible sense of oppression. Why is it?"

"You were taken suddenly ill. There, don't talk, please. I think you will soon be better."

Mrs. Raynham looked absently into her son's face, which was even whiter than her own. Presently she passed her disengaged hand once or twice across his forehead, and then, starting up, cried out suddenly and violently:

"I remember all about it now! I know what caused me to faint. That man! Oh, Victor, Victor, where is he now?"

Her eyes wildly swept the apartment. She would have sprung to her feet, but Victor held her back with all his might.

"Be quiet," he said firmly, but gently. "The man is gone. You will see him no more."

A convulsive trembling made her shake like an aspen in the wind. The dread and anguish expressed in her convulsed face and ashen lips were terrible to behold.

"Who was he?" she cried, at last, in a sharp whisper. "Victor, did you know that man's name?"

"Yes. It is Miles Rugby."

"Miles Rugby? No, no, no. I know better than that. He has tried to impose on you with a false name. It is like him—it is like him."

"Mother," said Victor, struggling hard to keep his voice perfectly composed, "why should you trouble your head about this strange visitor of mine? He can be nothing to you—you are nothing to him. I advise you to banish him from your thoughts and try to sleep."

"Sleep? There is but one sleep that can

take me from the contemplation of my misery —the sleep of death."

Victor looked at Dora; his eyeballs were hot and burning. "Comfort her—compose her," he whispered hoarsely. "I cannot."

She swept up to him. "God forgive you," she said in Victor's ear, "if *you* have brought all this anguish on the best woman in the world."

Then she leaned over the couch. "I pray you to be calm, my dear Mrs. Raynham," she murmured, with tears in her eyes. "You frighten and distress us. What was there about that horrid man who has just left the house to make you tremble like this?"

"His face was very like the face of a man I knew years ago. I believed and hoped that he might be dead. But no, I see it was all a mistake. He lives to haunt and curse us still. That false name does not impose on *me!*"

"It is an accidental resemblance, perhaps. Such things are common, though unaccountable. Would this man have come and gone so abruptly, if he had really been a person with whom you were once on terms of intimacy? No, no."

Victor was walking rapidly backwards and forwards in the room. He now eagerly approached.

"Dora is right," he said. "You have been the victim of some strange delusion. Banish it forever from your mind, my dear mother. I don't know whom Miles Rugby may have resembled. It does not matter. He is just Miles Rugby, and nobody else. The fact that he looked like the Pope of Rome would not make him that august functionary, would it? A fig for these chance resemblances!"

He laughed, a false, ghastly sort of a laugh, that made Dora shiver. But it served its purpose with Mrs. Raynham, who was too anxious and wretched to be a close observer.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, slowly, "and *I have* been the victim of a delusion. If so, heaven preserve me from such another."

"Amen."

She began gently to stroke Victor's hair. "My son, you do not know what a shock I have had. I think it would have killed me if Miles Rugby had proved to be the person I took him for, and you had learned the whole truth concerning him. There, there. Don't question me, please. Go away with Dora, and *I will* try to sleep when left quite to myself."

"Do."

He walked quickly towards the door, looking back for Dora when only halfway across the floor. She bit her lip angrily, hesitated a minute, but finally followed him out.

"I don't understand the haste you seem to be in to quit your mother's side," she said, angrily, when they stood alone in the passage.

"She wished me to go away."

"Bah! You were not in the least reluctant to do so. I could see it all."

Victor looked hurt and grieved. He had never seen Dora in such a mood before. She seemed almost like an enemy.

Something rustled against the skirt of the girl's dress as she turned to move away. It was a folded slip of paper. She saw there was writing upon it, and stooped to pick it up.

"Take it," she cried, thrusting it before Victor's face. "Who knows but that it may contain some awful secret? It was dropped by that mysterious friend of yours, who, it seems, is destined to bring trouble upon us all. Take it."

The scorn expressed in face and voice was withering.

The young man seized quickly upon the paper, and spread it open in the palm of his hand, his eyes quickly devouring its contents.

"Strange," he muttered, then, looking both relieved and puzzled.

"What is strange?"

He studied the paper attentively for a moment, then gave it back to Dora.

"Read, and so learn for yourself."

She did read—these words:

"Kind friends, into whose hands, God willing, these lines shall fall, come quickly to my relief. I write this with my blood on a leaf torn from my pocket-book. I have been shut up in a mad house through the machinations of a fiend in human shape. Oh, in the name of all you hold dear and sacred, I entreat you to come——"

Here, the writing ended abruptly, as if there had been an interruption. Dora shuddered as she looked at the mysterious lines, for they were indeed of the color of blood.

"What does this mean?" she gasped.

Victor slowly shook his head. "I'm quite as much in the dark as yourself. You say that this paper was dropped by Miles Rugby. Are you sure—perfectly sure?"

"Yes. I saw it fall to the floor just as he stepped into the passage. But I could not feel certain whether he had purposely thrown it aside or not."

"Give it back to me."

Victor carefully folded it, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. "Miles never meant to leave that paper behind him," he muttered, as he went slowly up stairs. "I know the man too well to think that. I fear he is concerned in something terribly wrong that is being done. But how can I hinder it—how could I expose him even if——"

He stopped abruptly, and drew a long, choking breath, while his countenance wore an expression of such bitter anguish as would have softened even Dora's heart, could she have seen it.

His thoughts dwelt for some minutes on the mysterious writing; but he could get no clue to the nature of the wrong at which the lines hinted, further than that some sane person had been shut up in a mad-house and was seeking assistance.

But there was no such institution in the neighborhood, nor could he tell where the particular one to which the writing referred was located, or who had been there incarcerated.

Finally, he dismissed the whole matter from his mind. He had too many woes of his own to dwell long upon those of others.

The afternoon wore on. Mrs. Raynham continued to be in a nervously prostrated condition. Victor dared not approach her, under such circumstances, to obtain the five thousand dollars Miles Rugby had demanded. Besides, he doubted if she had so large a sum at her immediate disposal.

Summoning Vijal, a stalwart negro thoroughly devoted to his interests, he sent him to the village inn, soon after nightfall, with the following lines, addressed to Miles Rugby:—

"You must wait a few days for the money you demand of me. I have no such sum of my own, and my mother is so ill that I positively refuse to distress her in regard to the matter. In your own interests, I advise you to do nothing rash."

The answer came back—brief and to the point:—

"I'll wait one week for the money. Not a day over."

CHAPTER IV.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Five days went by.

Mrs. Raynham recovered from her indisposition in this interval. But she still appeared more than usually grave and anxious. She trembled at the slightest sound, and every ring at the door-bell was sure to drive the color from her face.

One day—it was the sixth—she received a visit, which, considering the after consequences, we cannot pass by in silence. The visitor in question was her man of business, Mr. Ketchem.

She received him in the library. Both Victor and Dora Desmond were present, and sat very near each other—as lovers are apt to do—for they were now fully reconciled.

"I have sold your farm in Duchess county, dear madam," said Mr. Ketchem, at the beginning of the conversation. "I had a good offer, and thought best to close with it."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Raynham, somewhat wearily. "You must do as you please in all business matters, Mr. Ketchem. I have perfect confidence in your judgment."

The lawyer lifted his eyebrows.

"My dear madam, you do not even ask how much I got for the farm in question."

"I ask you now," she said, smiling.

"Humph. It fetched five thousand dollars—at least six hundred more than it is worth. And here is the money in crisp bank notes."

He produced a roll of bills from an inner pocket. At the word "five thousand dollars," Victor, who had remained an uninterested spectator of the interview, started up suddenly, his lips pale and trembling.

"Five thousand dollars," he muttered, just under his breath.

Dora's quick ears caught the whispered words, she looked at him sharply. "Just the amount Miles Rugby asked you to fetch him to the village," she said, half involuntarily.

Their eyes met. Then Victor turned away, a strange light brooding darkly in his own downcast orbs. His listlessness had vanished, and he seemed to listen eagerly for what was to follow.

"Shall I bank the money for you, this afternoon," he heard the lawyer ask.

"No," was Mrs. Raynham's answer. "I have use for a portion of it. I will keep the whole amount by me for a few days."

"It's a good deal of cash to leave lying loose around the house," said Mr. Ketchem with a grunt.

"Oh, it will be safe enough. I shall lock it in my desk. And the servants are all honest. Besides, I will try to bank it myself to-morrow—that is, the overplus that can be spared."

"I wouldn't advise you to neglect it too long," was the dry response.

Mrs. Raynham smiled again. The lawyer's fear of thieves only amused her, for she had perfect faith in every member of the little household.

"Come here, Victor," she called, looking toward the corner where the young man had ensconced himself with Dora. "I want you to take this roll of bills to my desk and put them in the secret drawer."

Victor now rose up reluctantly. He trembled a little. As his fingers closed over the money in a nervous, febrile way, he could not help recalling what Dora had just said to him.

Yes, here was the exact amount Miles Rugby had demanded of him. Here it lay in his open palm—the possible averter of untold sorrow and trouble, had he only the power to use it as he wished.

In his extreme agitation, the crisp notes almost slipped through his fingers. He clutched at the key which his mother held out to him, and hurried to the desk.

It stood in one corner of the apartment, a square, heavily-carved affair of solid mahogany. While he was stowing the notes away, as requested, Dora came and stood by him, watching his movements with feverish uneasiness.

"Make them secure, Victor," she said, under her breath. "Oh, for God's sake, make them secure!"

He turned and looked at her.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing." She impatiently averted her face. "What should I mean more or less than I have said? Only mind what I tell you and lock up those bills securely."

She had glided to the other end of the room before Victor could utter a word in reply. He quickly locked the desk. His lips were not easy of control, however, when he returned the keys to his mother.

"I have done your bidding," he said briefly. "The money is safe in the secret drawer."

Just at this instant a soft, rustling sound made itself audible outside the door. Mr Ketchem heard it, and his suspicious nature at once took the alarm.

"We've had eavesdroppers," he exclaimed, and darted to the door, flinging it wide.

The passage was empty. He glanced up and down it, but could neither see anybody nor catch the echo of retreating footsteps.

After listening for a moment or two he turned to re-enter the library. In doing this, his foot struck against some object lying near the threshold of the door. It was a man's glove. He stooped for it, and passed into the room holding it in one of his extended hands.

"I knew somebody was listening at the door," he cried, triumphantly; "and here's the proof of it."

Mrs. Raynham looked at the glove, and then burst out laughing.

"That is Vincent's property," she said. "If you take the trouble to look, you will find his name on the lining."

"Humph!" snarled Mr. Ketchem.

He searched for the name, however, and discovered it where Mrs. Raynham had told him he would.

"It makes no difference," he said, sullenly. "If you are not a fool, you will remove the money from that desk, and find some better hiding place for it."

The words were brutally spoken, and Mrs. Raynham's cheeks glowed with resentful crimson on the instant.

"The five thousand dollars will remain where it is," she said, coldly but decidedly. "Not even at your suggestion, Mr. Ketchem, will I exhibit distrust of any member of my household."

"If you didn't have your own way, madam, you wouldn't be a woman."

Having delivered himself of this opinion, the lawyer shut his lips sharply and threw himself back in a chair doggedly silent.

He had uttered his last word of remonstrance.

It was now Dora's turn to begin, and she did. With her arms thrown tightly round Mrs. Raynham's neck, she said in an earnest whisper:

"Dear, dear, *dear* friend, I entreat you to act upon Mr. Ketchem's suggestion. For my sake, for your own sake, for the good of us all, hide that hateful money, and tell *nobody* where you have put it."

Mrs. Raynham seemed staggered by this appeal. She unclasped Dora's clinging arms and looked at her searchingly.

"You, too!" she exclaimed. "Are you all going mad? or is it I who have taken leave of my senses? No matter. I have already announced my decision, and shall not change it without a better reason than has yet been advanced. Faugh! To listen to your talk, one would think my house was a hotel. I am out of all patience with you."

And then and there she abruptly made an end of the conversation.

Dora went away, feeling anxious and miserable, without really knowing why.

Did she distrust Victor? The very thought of connecting him with any wicked action filled her whole soul with horror. And yet she could not help saying over and over to herself, "Five thousand dollars! Five thousand dollars! Would to God that money had never been brought into this house!"

In the solitude of her own apartment she dropped on her knees and prayed a long and fervent prayer, the whole burden of which was, "Lead us not into temptation."

Night fell early. When the lamps were lighted, much against her wishes, she descended to the drawing-room, and found all the others there before her with the exception of the lawyer, who had taken his departure.

Victor kept away from her, sulking moodily in one corner, where he pored over the Times and Herald as if his life's happiness were staked on the character of the news there to be found.

Mrs. Raynham sat at a little stand, busy with Berlin wools. She merely glanced up with a grave nod when Dora entered the apartment, and then silently resumed her work.

Vincent, however, was as gay, brilliant, and talkative as ever. At no time had he avoided Dora. His manner towards her was anything but the manner of a rejected lover. Indeed, the innocent girl felt inclined to think he had half-forgotten that scene in the garden already, and had reconciled himself to the idea of remaining her friend and brother only.

At any rate he spared her the misery of a dull evening on this occasion. He more than made up for the lack of cordiality manifested by Mrs. Raynham and Victor. He was in a rare mood in short, and charmed away half her pain and anxiety in spite of herself.

When they separated for the night he pressed her hand gently, and said under his breath, with a quick glance in Mrs. Raynham's direction:

"I wish you would notice my mother, Miss Dora. I am sure she isn't looking as well as usual to-night."

"She is pale," admitted Dora.

"I shall take her into the dining-room and make her drink a glass of wine before she retires."

He was as good as his word. A few minutes later, from the upper landing, where she had paused to take breath, Dora saw Vincent lead his mother into the dining-room.

They left the door on the swing behind them, and she could distinctly see the sideboard, which was opposite. Vincent poured out some wine, which Mrs. Raynham drank with apparent reluctance.

"How do you like it?" she heard him ask.

"It's wretched stuff," said Mrs. Raynham putting down the glass with a shudder of disgust. "You'd better throw away that bottle, Vincent. It must have been put here by mistake."

"Yes, I will throw it away."

Dora passed on, and heard no more. Not to sleep, however. Once within the solitude of her own apartment, thoughts of the money locked in the desk down stairs returned with ten-fold persistency. She could not banish them, though she tried earnestly to do so.

Without any apparent reason she found herself shaking and trembling, sitting there alone with her own thoughts.

Some power over which she had no control seemed to be drawing her down stairs to the library. She struggled against it at first, and tried to think herself very foolish and suspicious; but the feeling would not wear away. And so she yielded to it.

"I'd rather watch here every night of my life than that harm should come to Victor," she murmured softly, as she curled herself up on the library sofa just opposite the desk that held the five thousand dollars.

Even here, sleep came after a good deal of wooing; and it was a broken, unrefreshing sort of slumber that was little better than none at all.

From one of these fitful naps she awoke with a start, and found herself sitting bolt upright on the sofa. And she awoke, too, with that awful sense of not being alone in the room which one is sure to experience when encountering some unknown horror in the dark.

For an instant her very heart stood still. She sat like a rock, staring hard into the deep and treacherous blackness that filled the room. She could hear a suppressed breathing, but could distinguish nothing in the impenetrable gloom.

Of a sudden the moon—a mere crescent of silver in the pale, watery sky—shot out from behind a bank of murky clouds where it had been lingering, and threw a few splashes of uncertain light into the room.

Then Dora saw a human figure, dimly outlined, midway between the desk and the sofa where she was sitting.

A man's figure, cronching, gliding, creeping through the shadowy darkness.

The horror of the situation nerved her as nothing else could have done. She heaved a long, gasping sigh. The stagnant blood began to course along her tingling veins once more. She rose up, staggered forward, and dropped one of her trembling hands on the arm of the midnight intruder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ If the weather does not grow cooler very soon Mr. Fahrenheit, in justice to his patrons, should at once add a second story, with a Mansard roof, to his thermometer.

☞ Fat female equestriennes, who ride in Rotten Row, London, are called by an ungallant American, "mounted *blanc mange*."

☞ Solomon City, Kansas, is a hard place for husbands. One day last week five wives left their better halves without adieux, and went back East "to live with mamma."

☞ Watering-place letters are now in fashion, quoting the height of the thermometer, the rapidity with which shirt-collars wilt, the glory of the surf and the size of the musquitoes.

☞ An exchange says: "A clock in a New York factory has been seized by the workmen, because it has not struck for eight hours."

☞ A lady of Springfield, Va., was bitten by a cat having the hydrophobia the other day.

☞ Borax is the best cockroach exterminator yet discovered. This troublesome insect has a great aversion to it, and will never return where it has once been scattered.

☞ The Boston Post describes a stylish wedding wherein the groom wore Kentucky jean pants, brown linen duster, yellow cotton gloves, glazed cap, and green cotton umbrella.

☞ A Western editor says that fresh water has tasted strong of sinners ever since the universal deluge, and this is why he flavors it.

☞ Missouri editors do not indulge in coarse epithets. They merely remark of a cotemporary, in the spirit of quiet sarcasm, that "his ears would do for awnings to a ten-story wholesale hog-packing establishment."

☞ The following little conversation lately took place in our city: "Ah, look here, Miss Bonamy! S'pose *you* look at the pictures, while *I* confine my attention to the catalogue! Get through the job in half the time, you know!"

☞ A Virginia girl attempted to elope by means of a pulley and rope attached to her window, but the enraged parent appeared on the scene, hooked the young man securely, hoisted him in the air, gave him a long and sound moral lecture, and then left him dangling under the window until morning.

☞ An editor out West mildly wishes for a "hundred and sixty acre lot of Spitzbergen frigidity, and an ice-gemmed grotto in the basement story of the Aurora Borealis."

☞ A very much married man for his age has turned up in, and has absconded from, Lowell, Massachusetts. He is described as "of nobby appearance," whatever that may be, and he is twenty-two years old. Four weeks ago he was married to a respectable young lady; but now it has been discovered that during his short life he has led no less than five blushing brides to the altar, and all of them are still living.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.

CONCLUSION.

In a late train Morton arrived from a business tour he had been making. Branwell almost thought he seemed confused when he asked for an interview, but if his supposition was correct he soon recovered his usual nonchalance and answered Branwell's questions promptly. It was as Branwell had expected. Morton said he recognized Miss Lorillard immediately as the woman whose marriage he had been a witness to; that he half fancied Branwell also knew, and was playing a game upon him by appearing as if he did not know her for what she was. Branwell listened with hardly a word of reply, and then left him and went to his own room. It was already midnight, and he had made arrangements, for his party was to start early in the morning, but he had no idea of sleeping. Despite all the circumstances that would have led him to think of Miss Lorillard and what she had told him, his thoughts bent themselves upon one subject—that he loved the girl he had met here—that he was to leave her. A desire which he could not escape or conquer had taken possession of him, the wish to write to her—for once in his life to reveal to reverent eyes all his nature and history; whatever she might think of it, she would not think lightly. He was sure he was safe in her thoughts from any misunderstanding. His very soul longed to pour itself into her heart. He could expect no reply; it was not for that he wrote.

Even in the first words addressed to her he felt that consolation which one experiences when *en rapport* with one in whom belief is entire and restful.

The next morning, while yet the sun's rays were ruddy and horizontal, Branwell's party were participating in a hurried breakfast; satchels and baskets lay upon the floor, and the ladies, save Miss Lorillard, were frowsy and half asleep; she only was suave and sweet tempered, and in perfect travelling costume. At last Branwell handed them into the waiting carriage; then he ran back and called a servant, putting a letter into his hand, and saying:—

"Give it to the lady as soon as she comes down. Do not fail."

A piece of money enforced the injunction, and without looking at the envelope the man promised, and Branwell rode off to the depot. Notwithstanding Mrs. Richmond's garrulous efforts, the party that started east that morning was rather a silent one.

At the hotel, when the ladies began to come down to breakfast, the waiter took the letter from his pocket and read the address, then said to himself, "The gentleman was mistaken; there is no such lady here."

He gave the letter to the landlord, who inquired for a Miss Eytinge. The dark-haired girl claimed the note, saying the address was a mistake. If the letter was left by Mr. Branwell it was probably hers, and it was forthwith delivered into her hands.

It was in her own room that she read the letter. It commenced:—

"Let the feeling with which this letter is filled be my only explanation for addressing you. To offer an apology would be to admit that in thus writing one was necessary. Without preface let me tell you the story of my life." The girl read on with quickened breath, with clouding or brightening eyes. When that history was done there remained yet something to be read.

Involuntarily, though alone, she shaded her eyes with her hand as she read, and only by those humid, sweet lips could her thoughts be told.

"And now, for what I shall say, do I need to beg forgiveness? In the sight of Heaven I feel innocent, free to say once in my life all there is in my heart. I have left you, probably forever; but this once I will write to you that I love you—purely, devotedly, with all that I am. Dear one, I love you with love, and in saying that I say that it is for always. Already my life appears more endurable, for I have told one in whom I trust all that afflicts me—all the love that ennobles me.

"I shall strive to be just to the woman who claims to be my wife; if she has no longer the property I settled upon her, I shall give her a most ample annuity. My wealth I can bestow as lavishly as she can wish; that is all she can ever receive from me. My heart, or an emanation from your own, tells me that all I have written will be understood. I know that fortune, life, or honor would be safe in your hands. The deep and forgetful happiness, the burning glow that has penetrated my entire being as I have written, wavers and dies into the everlasting longing that is to be mine—for I must say farewell. Am I wrong to feel that the electric chain which binds me to you can never be destroyed? Once having known you, my soul can never more be alone. Bless thee to the full extent thy heart desires. Once more, farewell.

"WILLIAM BRANWELL."

The girl's face dropped to her hands to conceal the divine light which overspread it. Her hands, clasped in her lap, throbbed with the emotion that possessed her.

Meanwhile the man was speeding eastward, silent, self-contained. Before they reached the Branwell house he had begged his aunt to consider his house her home for an indefinite period, and to invite Miss Lorillard to remain with her. Mrs. Richmond whose means were limited, was only too glad to accept the offer, and Branwell saw them domesticated there; then he departed on a journey, concerning which he did not see fit to inform the ladies. It was a journey of investigation which he could not rest until he had made. Miss Lorillard guessed very well where he was gone, but she said nothing.

It was a gloomy night when he arrived at the little seaboard town in Massachusetts. When he had last been there he could not see the place, and everything was new to him save this dismal east fog which hung over the village as it had done then. He shuddered as he felt it, though the night was warm and in September. Then he had come to his wedding; now it was to clear up the mystery of that marriage.

With the next morning's sun the dampness melted away in curves of gold; the sea gleamed with the joy of day, and Branwell walked along the beach from the tavern in the direction which lay the minister's house. The church stood in a rocky field half a mile back, its small-paned windows glittering with the universal sparkle of the morning. Perhaps Branwell imbibed something of the peace of the time, for his face, as he knocked at the low-browed parsonage, was very calm. He might have been coming on the most unimportant of errands.

"May I see the clergyman?" he asked of the woman who came to the door. The clergyman was her husband, and she immediately ushered him into a tiny study where sat a man about thirty-five.

"Is this Mr. Wrayburn?" asked Branwell.

"No, I am his successor," said the minister. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I want to find Mr. Wrayburn. If you can help me to discover him, I shall be obliged to you."

"Mr. Wrayburn has been dead several years," was the reply.

Branwell was silent a moment; it had never occurred to him that the clergyman might not be living, and he knew this was a serious misfortune. At last he said:—

"Do you know a Mrs. Trask who lived in the village some five or six years ago—a widow?"

The minister did not know; he had been settled there only since Mr. Wrayburn's death; he knew of no such person now. Some older inhabitant of the town might know.

Branwell rose, knowing that his visit at least was fruitless. He thanked the man and walked back to the hotel. On the little piazza stood the landlord smoking his clay pipe and surveying the morning complacently. Apparently he was what is called an "old settler" in the place, and Branwell addressed him.

"Mrs. Trask?" he said musingly, with the pipe held between his fingers. "Yes, there was a Widow Trask who lived in the south part of the town, but she's been dead going on four years. Any relation?"

"None at all. And there was no other Widow Trask in town?"

"No, I'm pretty sure there wasn't. What is it—a law case?"

Branwell informed him that it was not, and sauntered down to the beach, across the strip of sand and on to the rocks that showed their rugged, rust-colored sides bare to the sun at this hour of low tide. Down to the edge of the water, on one of the rocks, Branwell saw a man swinging a fishing rod. Without any intention, he soon found himself by his side and entering into a desultory conversation with him. He was a young man, younger than Branwell, and talked with intelligence and information. It being low tide, the fishing was not good, and he laid his rod on the rocks, and lying back with his hands clasped under his head, gave himself up to the quiet talk.

Branwell, with his purpose always in his mind, after learning that he was a native of the town, and had always lived there, asked if he remembered a Miss Lorillard—one who taught school somewhere in the town. The man moved from his easy position and looked suddenly at his interrogator with a nervous, quick moving of the hands, and a blush spreading over his face.

Branwell's eyes shone as though he had at last reached a clue. The man turned his face away and said quietly—

"Yes, there was a Miss Lorillard here about six years ago.

"What was her name?"

"Fermor—Fermor Lorillard."

There was an indescribable something that gave Branwell the idea that this stranger had been deeply interested in the owner of that name, and the idea made it difficult for him to question him, but he finally said:

"Do you mind answering a few questions about her? I give you my word they are not asked idly."

After a little hesitation he replied:

"I'm willing to tell what I know of her; it was not much, and nothing really of her life."

Branwell looked at him—at his reticent, sensitive face—and he experienced an emotion of anger as he believed Miss Lorillard allowed this man to love, possibly had coquetted with him.

"Describe to me her appearance, her face," said Branwell.

The young man lifted his head from the rock; his eyes, with a passionately wistful look in them, were resting upon the far horizon across the water.

"Can I describe fire, light, goodness?" he said, as if speaking to himself.

"She was then so beautiful?" said Branwell.

"To me she was," he said; then continued with an unreserve Branwell had not looked for:

"Someway I do not mind speaking freely to you, sir. It is nearly six years since I saw her, and I have never spoken of her before; but I cannot forget her, though, as she told me, I should live to think of my acquaintance with her as a dream, but I did not believe that then. A boy of nineteen does not easily think his sensations will grow less intense."

"You knew her well. I beg you will give me some idea of her face," persisted Branwell, strangely interested in what the man said.

"I can tell you in so many words that the face was dark—darker than is common to Americans; that her eyes were brown; that they held all the glories of the East in them, and the attraction, a thousand times more powerful, of swift intelligence, flashing intellect, and of the kindest heart. I can tell you that, but perhaps not many would call her beautiful, for her face in repose was only what one would call 'rather good looking.'"

When the man had commenced speaking, Branwell had left his lounging attitude and was sitting bolt upright, half bewildered by the words he heard. Here was the first shadow of a contradiction to what Miss Lorillard had told him. Could it lead to the substance of a proof?

"Was it her home here? Where is she now?" he asked, eagerly.

"I don't know where she is now," was the response. "This town is her birthplace, but she never lived here long. When very young she was adopted by a wealthy Englishman and taken away by him, I never knew where. Her parents were both dead, and everybody said it was a good thing for her. I had never seen her at all until the summer she taught school here; and though I thought it strange she should teach, I learned from her words that she longed for once to know something of the New England life to which she was born—that there was inherent in her trait which found its fulfilment in being actively useful—and I suspected that some change in her circumstances had probably brought into stronger life this characteristic."

"Did she ever marry?" asked Branwell.

"Not that I know—not while here. And I have never heard from her since she left the village."

In the silence that followed, Branwell thought that the stranger loved Fermor Lorillard—that the ideas of a lover concerning a girl's face were not to be trusted. But he could know if she were dark or light, although Branwell's surprise was so great that he was half inclined to suspect the truth of what he had said; but still he was convinced from the man's face and manner. With that ray of light streaming upon his mind, he did not at first recognize how difficult would be the attempts to identify, to prove—for did not Miss Lorillard hold in her hands all the proofs? Whatever he could gather was mere conjecture; yet he resolved it should be the labor of his life to remove the doubt he felt.

He knew it was not strange that his companion should not have heard of the marriage, particularly if Fermor had desired it should be kept quiet, and had left the place immediately after.

"When she left the town did you not know then to what place she removed?" asked Branwell.

"No; she went away very unexpectedly to me and to everybody, I believe."

"Had you never heard any rumors of a marriage?"

"Never. Is she married? Is there any mystery, any misfortune connected with her?"

His questions were asked imperatively, and with an accent as if misfortune could not attack her.

"It is a question of identification," said Branwell, "and I am very grateful for what you have told me."

He sat in silence for a while beside the young man. The flood tide came and commenced the sound of the returning of its waters in among the chasms of the rocks—the rush, the retreat, the rush again. The noise interfused through Branwell's musings. It was possible, but was it probable, that there was another Fermor Lorillard who was the ward of an English gentleman, who was a native of this town?

When he returned he went to the office of the town clerk for curiosity's sake, and he found the record of the marriage of Fermor Lorillard and William Branwell, but it was not strange that the man with whom he had been talking had not examined the register, as he had never suspected any such fact.

Then Branwell made inquiries for Miss Clitheroe, the only remaining witness—but he could get no clue whatever to her. No one knew her. She had most likely been a stranger who had happened to be a witness of the ceremony.

When Branwell returned, though he had been absent hardly more than a week, he was surprised to see the increased appearance of illness in Miss Lorillard. She still seemed as usual, as far as her manner and conversation went, rarely allowing any sign of illness to be visible. But she could no longer control her countenance as she used to do. Painful blushes dyed her cheeks at any surprise; then the flush was succeeded by a paleness so intense as to be startling.

It was thus she looked when she first met Branwell after his return—but she soon recovered something of her usual appearance.

They were alone in the sitting-room after dinner. Miss Lorillard was not wrong in thinking that he wished to speak with her, but she obliged him to ask for the interview.

"Stay a moment, Miss Lorillard," he said, as she rose to leave the room.

She turned and resumed her seat.

"I have been to C——," he said, mentioning the town in Massachusetts.

She remained in a listening attitude, but she did not speak.

"It is but fair to tell you that my intuition, or whatever you please to term it, refuses to allow me to believe what you have told me; I know I am repeating what I have said before, but you will pardon me. While in C——, a slight circumstance appeared to strengthen the doubts I have felt. It was not proof. You hold in your hands all the evidence as yet discovered; but it shall be the one object of my life to set at rest the unbelief which haunts me. In the mean time, in obedience to the testimony you have produced, I shall supply you with whatever income is reasonable that you shall specify, as I have an impression that you no longer possess the property I settled upon my wife. But you will permit me to persist in my resolve not to acknowledge you as Mrs. Branwell for a while at least. I promise you, however, that as soon as I can rid myself of all suspicion, which you know is not voluntary on my part, and believe you in truth to be my wife, then I will acknowledge you to the world, if you require that of me."

It was unspeakably repugnant to him to be obliged to speak in that way, but he felt it a duty he owed to himself and her.

She waited a little after he had spoken, and then in an even voice she said:

"You greatly misunderstand me if you think that I should not acquiesce in all you say. And not only assent, but it is my wish that you should at this. It is my misfortune to be placed in the most humiliating position, but I cannot escape from it."

"A position from which one cannot escape is not one's choice, and cannot be humbling," said Branwell in a softer voice. Then he asked:

"Is it your pleasure that I give you a check for a certain amount? Or shall I draw it at my banker's at my first opportunity?"

Miss Lorillard was grateful, for she would have been obliged to ask for money had he not offered it to her, and it was imperative that she very soon become possessed of a large sum.

She named the amount, and he manifested no surprise.

"I confess," she said, "that I no longer retain the liberal amount, the fortune you gave me. I have been too lavish, almost prodigal, but I should have been spared this confession had it not been that one whom I deemed a worthy friend, and whom I helped pecuniarily had proved utterly false. It was this more than my prodigality that impoverished me, and I still have some debts to trouble me."

"You shall have no longer," said Branwell. "Is the sum you named sufficient for your wants?"

"Amply sufficient," with drooping eyes; "how shall I express my thanks?"

"Nay, do not attempt it," he said, approaching her chair. "I know that I must appear to you stern and even cruel perhaps. I did not know that such was my nature. I think this curious experience is revealing the evil in me more perceptibly than ever."

As he stood thus near her, he felt an emotion of pity that was painful—a desire, a wild demand that she should be truer, worthy of belief, though he could not love her.

She had covered her face with her hands, and her beautiful head was bowed, her hair rippling over her face and upon her fingers. What did she appear to him then? In all that fascinating abandon, so different from her usual manner, he could not divest himself of the impression that she was an actress of rare ability; that the skillful scheme she had arranged was successful, and he was powerless. But just then she was not acting; she had given way to the despondency she really felt, though it was policy at that moment to be true to her feelings, therefore she yielded to them. But Branwell, in whom the conviction was ineffaceable that she was false, could not be affected by anything connected with her as genuine, and though the æsthetic of his nature was appealed to—all his sense of the beautiful, as if she had been an inanimate work of art—his heart gave no response; he was cold as snow, but kind in a way that made Miss Lorillard despair.

He did not inquire what was her disposition of the money he gave her, and when she would have explained her debts to him, he declared that it was sufficient to know that she wished for the money, that he cared for no explanations. His indifference galled her into silence.

Autumn deepened into winter. Branwell had no inclination at that time to remove to his city house in Montreal; he stopped at home by the deep heaving bay, enduring until he should achieve a relief.

Meanwhile, it became evident that Miss Lorillard was seriously ill. It was often afternoon before she came down stairs, and then it was an effort, which no control could conceal, for her to ignore the weakness, the disease which had fastened upon her. In the solitude of her own room one would hardly have known her, for there the forced vivacity and appearance of health dropped from her like a garment. Her face was colorless; her eyes had that brilliance which is the torch of illness, not the light of health.

Branwell, who saw her only when in her usual elegant dress and with that forced animation which she could assume so well, did not fully realize the seriousness of her illness; and he was surprised when, one morning in early spring, the physician, coming down from her room, said:

"Mr. Branwell, do you know if anything causes deep anxiety to Miss Lorillard?"

Branwell answered, "I believe there has been some family trouble, but I am not prepared to say what."

The physician stood thoughtfully a moment, and then said, "I have no wish to pry into her affairs; I only thought it almost certain that some mental disquietude was preying upon her. But whatever be the cause, her life has been a sacrifice. She cannot live."

Branwell listened without half comprehending. He had never thought of such an ending—life, success, seemed at the command of Miss Lorillard.

"Do you mean to tell me that Miss Lorillard will die?" he said, comprehending at last how the knot so hard to unravel would be cut by such a blow. And yet he shrank from the physician's words when he replied:

"Yes, she cannot survive the spring. Only an indomitable will could have sustained her thus far in such an appearance of health as she has maintained."

"Is there then no chance of recovery?"

"None. It is a wasting—a consumption without the pain that so frequently accomanies it. Nothing can reinvigorate her."

Branwell, left alone in his library, paced up and down like a prisoner whose release was near. He was shocked, he was pained, but he could not receive such news with that feeling only. In vain he reproved himself that he should feel relieved at the prospect of the death of any one. Then he reflected that her death would leave him still bound, for his conviction was unalterable that she was not his wife; it left him still held to a myth, a ghost which he could never discover. Now that his wishes led him to believe that she was really his wife, he could not forget the doubts which had filled every thought when he expected her to live, to maintain her claims, and the doubts were as strong as ever.

April's airs, fickle and soft, were caressing the earth, and the sunshine grew richer every day, but Miss Lorillard did not now come down stairs at all. She could not inhale the sweetness of promise in the air.

The opium which had so long sustained her could not longer feign a strength which was not there, though it softened the almost interminable days of solitude.

Every morning, when Branwell inquired concerning her, the answer was, "She is nearly the same, perhaps a little weaker." And at last one day the servant came to him with the request that he would come to Miss Lorillard's room.

She was leaning back in a large lounging chair which was drawn up before the grate. She was dressed with elegance, but with all the comfort so necessary to illness, and the soft folds of her wrapper fell round her with the grace peculiar to everything connected with her.

Branwell's face grew a tinge paler as he looked at her—a pale shadow of what she once had been. Large-eyed, hollow-cheeked, with lips an unnatural scarlet even for her, and that saddest of all brilliance in her eyes—the last flame of a life-time.

He came and sat down by her side, and took that thin hand with a gentleness that one who did not know them both might have said was tenderness. She looked at him intently with a gaze he could not interpret, for he had never seen it before.

At last, with a faint smile and an accent of the cynicism which was a part of her, she said:

"I never thought there was much merit in death-bed confessions, for one is sure of stepping so conveniently out of the way of all result of such avowals. But I have a story to tell you which the sure and near prospect of death alone enables me to relate. You will have patience if I am led into a longer relation than you may expect."

Branwell's face told her even before he replied in words, and she went on:

"I have a desire that you should know something of my childhood and early girlhood, for there are some people charitable enough to consider that one's early life has an influence upon all their remaining years. My birthplace was a small town in Massachusetts. My mother was a Frenchwoman, and my father an American. When I was so young as to be able to remember but vaguely about my first home, my parents removed to Paris, to the home of my mother. I could never respect either my father or my mother, though both were fond of me and dressed me with a display which they thought my beauty demanded. Every influence fostered all there was of untruth in me. I was a coquette as soon as I had become conscious of my beauty. I loved intrigue for its own sake, and my mother's associates were such as nourished that predilection. I finally discovered that my father was a professed and usually a successful gamester, but the fact did not shock me. In the fewest words I can tell you the sad truth—that at seventeen I was so far initiated in the ways of the world that nothing shocked me. I was urged to marry, but I was wilful and would not, though numerous suitors, of a rank above our own, begged for my hand. When I was twenty my mother died, and soon afterward my father, disgusted with his want of success, removed to Germany, going from one watering-place to another as his fancy dictated. In these excursions I was his accomplice, my face and my address doing fully as much as his skill, until Clitheroe's daughter was but too well known. At Homburg I became acquainted with a young American, and for the first time fancied I was in love. My father was angry; he did not wish me to leave him, and opposed me to the full extent of his power, which, of course had the effect of making me more reckless than ever, and I married the young man and we came to America—to New York. You can easily imagine that I should not make the most docile of wives. It was perhaps not his fault, but, well versed as I was, I was deceived in my husband. We quarrelled; I learned at last that the marriage between us was invalid, that he had been married previously, and that his wife was still living. I left him and resumed my maiden name."

She had been talking slowly, but she was fatigued, the bright spots on her cheeks deepened. She paused, and he said:

"You were a witness to my marriage—you are Louise Clitheroe, the witness of whom I could gain no clue."

"Yes, I am Louise Clitheroe. I was in the country for my health some six months after the discovery that I was not his wife. It was by accident that I learned of the ceremony that was to take place in the house near where I was. I was impressed by the unusual arrangement of the affair, and did not forget it, though I did not think of it then as anything from which I could construct any scheme. I had some money; for awhile I lived in comparative quiet, but such a life grew tame and insufficient for me. I was an adventuress by inheritance and education. I became acquainted with Morton, and he related to me the circumstances of your marriage, and told me of the great wealth you possessed. Then I inquired and found that the witness, Mrs. Trask, was dead, and the clergyman also. It was too tempting, too dangerously exhilarating for me to forego—this idea that came to me of claiming to be your wife. I prevailed upon Morton to testify falsely. I discovered that the marriage was secret, and I believed I knew well enough that the true wife would never appear. I thought of this long before I began the realization of my plans. As soon as I knew of the death of the minister and the witness, from that time I was resolved. I inquired carefully about your affairs, about Fermor Lorillard, about everything.

"I learned where you were—that you had recovered your sight, and that you were to return within a few months. At that time I was obliged to visit Paris on business, intending to return directly. I did so. Chance prompted you to embark in the same steamer, so that I met you sooner than I anticipated.

"Of course I had to run considerable risk, but every chance was in my favor. I felt very sure that once having known me it would not be probable that you would meet Fermor, and meeting her you could not know her, unless she chose to tell you."

Again she paused, her cheeks highly colored, a panting breath parting her lips. Her eyes were fixed on the grate where they had been nearly all the time she had been talking. She reached forward and took a glass from the table and drank. In the silence that followed she sat quiet, with clasped hands. Branwell saw the hurried flutter of her heart ruffling the drapery above it. She knew it was the quick march to death, and she was not sorry.

At length Branwell spoke in low tones that soothed her, for this man had more power over her than any one else had ever had. His words were simple enough.

"You are very tired. Shall we not defer this explanation?"

"The time is past for me to defer anything. What I do I must do now," she replied. "I shall be fatigued, but you must not mind if I stop in my story to recover the breath that is so fickle that it sometimes seems to leave me altogether."

Then she went on:

"I own that I counted upon attracting you first. In that calculation I was not vain, for I had seen the effect of my power upon some men; but here I reckoned wrongly, for I judged you by a standard too low—far too low. You were not like any one I ever saw. Instinctively I knew how you felt toward me—that, without knowing why, you suspected my sincerity. Knowing you as I did—and, believe me, I knew you far better than you imagined—I yielded to a feeling which I had thought would never come to me, and I felt ennobled by it. It revealed to me that there was something beside evil in me; for even I, Mr. Branwell, felt that 'I must needs love the highest when I saw it.' I had been with you but a short time before I loved you—I love you now—perhaps not as pure women love, but still with all the best of me. But mark, I strove still harder to conquer you, for now I had a stronger incentive than your wealth. I would have willingly relinquished all hope of that, could I but have known that you would some day love me. I feel no constraint in telling you of my love, no more than if I spoke to you from a land of spirits. This earth has so far receded from me that I can speak to you as if my soul were face to face with yours. I love you; I feel within me the possibility that could there have been a mutual, happy love between us, I could have purified my heart to a whiteness forever lost to me."

Once more that silence, which was only less penetrating to Branwell's soul than her words had been. Indescribably agitated, he rose and walked to the window, striving to attain some degree of calmness. No one could have listened to such words unmoved, and from such a woman. She turned her head and looked at him, a rare softness in her face.

"Return," she said; "do not fear that I shall continue to speak on a subject so painful. Let me go on with my confession. I shall at least depart shriven, for your kind heart will forgive me."

He came to her, he clasped her hand in both his own, and his voice trembled as he replied:

"Can you doubt it? Your childhood, the influences which surrounded you, have perverted your nature. Oh, in it I discern the germs of glorious possibilities!"

The close clasp, the earnestness of his manner affected her so, that the tears which had lingered in her eyes dropped on her face.

"You only could have thus directed me," she murmured, all art or reserve leaving her for a moment as her forehead drooped upon the hand that held hers.

Branwell was very unhappy, yet in it all was a profound grief. He put his other hand upon that bright hair; in that motion was a forgiveness for everything.

"And yet," she said at last, raising her head, "do not forgive me until you know all. It was a weakness in me to beg to hear words of pardon before I had a right to ask for them. I have yet much to say."

He sat down and waited.

"I will hasten, for the task is too humiliating for me to linger upon. I presume you have found my picture and a lock of my hair among your uncle's papers. Ah, I see that they did their work. One day in your absence, soon after I came here, I was for a long time alone in your library. I looked for the keys to that ancient desk; at last I found them, for you are not over-cautious with such things, as all your household is trustworthy. I searched among papers, and found there the picture and hair of Fermor Lorillard. From the appearance of the packet I was quite sure it had not been opened since your uncle's death. I changed the picture and hair for mine, and left them where you would surely find them when you next went to the desk."

"And you have the picture of Fermor Lorillard?" eagerly interrupted her listener.

She put out her hand as if entreating patience, saying:

"I am going to give it to you. On that day when you saved my life on the beach I had ridden over to Darton to meet Morton, who was to bring a certificate of marriage, the one I showed you, and a forged one, but well done, as you will acknowledge. His brother is a clergyman, as perhaps you recollect, and he easily enough abstracted a blank certificate from his study. For Morton's share in this business I have paid him all the money I ever received from you, and have been haunted and troubled unspeakably by him. He was weak and unprincipled, but he was half the time regretting that he had yielded to the bribe I offered him."

She hurried on as if anxious that the whole should be told.

"And now, I feel as if all could be forgiven easier than that which I have yet to tell. While you were absent last Fall, when you went to C—— to substantiate or disprove my statements, there came a letter for you—a letter which I detained—which you did not know anything about."

Branwell, as he looked at her, felt his pulses rising tumultuously, as he thought of the possible source from whence that letter came, but he said nothing.

"Bring that ebony box to me, which you see on my dressing-table," she said, "and I will give you all that is yours."

In silence he placed the casket on the table beside her. She took a key from her pocket and turned the lock.

He could not tell what he expected; nothing, he thought, would astonish him; and yet some deep, strong hope made him tremble as he waited for her to take the package from the box.

The hair, half disentangled from the paper, lay across her white fingers, and its darkness seemed more dark by contrast. He did not speak, but he thought: "It is the Fermor about whom the young man at C—— told me. She is dark." Then, as that idea flashed through his mind, she laid a daguerreotype case in his hand. He opened it, with her eyes upon him, and saw a face—oh, how utterly different from the one beside him! He could not mistake it, and that conviction sent the blood in very leaps through his frame; his eyes grew dark with their dilatation, for he looked upon the picture of the girl whom he had first seen in the Cave of the Winds.

It was none other, though this face was not more than sixteen years of age—dark, sweet, with a fire that womanhood had veiled, but not extinguished. A mist of passion, love, hope swam before his eyes; he thought he felt again a soft hand-touch he had known a few months ago.

He concealed his eyes with one hand, while he extended the other, and said:

"The letter."

She gave it to him, and the next instant he was reading words which she had written—she, his wife—in reply to the letter he had left for her when he had come away from Niagara.

The letter was not long. His fiery gaze devoured it with the swiftness of light.

"Your letter gives me the sweet power of saying that we shall not be separated, that the tie which holds you is the tie that binds you to me, for I was Fermor Lorillard. Dear as is this writing to you, the thought that I shall soon see you is dearer still, and words which I cannot write will come to me in your presence.

"I leave Niagara directly, and shall be at Dorset, Vermont, where I know that you will come to me. "FERMOR BRANWELL."

Meagre as were the words, there was a promise of divine happiness in them. He looked at the date: it was the day after he had left Niagara. She must then have thought that he had neglected, despised her note—perhaps laughed at her; that his words and acts had been the pastime of that despicable thing, a male flirt.

This woman by his side had spoken truly: this was the hardest to forgive. He could not look at her; he knew there was something hard as revenge in his eyes; he felt it was possible she might have spoiled his happiness forever. He longed to fly to her. He wanted to start at that moment. Then his gaze fell again upon the picture.

"My love! my wife!" broke from his lips with the passionate tenderness of a man who has passed his most susceptible years with no thought of love. The tone had all the impetuosity of youth, all the unalterableness of manhood.

Never until now had Louise Clitheroe fully realized the utter hopelessness of awaiting the time when he should love her. She had known there had been a strong attraction for him in the girl he had met at the Falls, but she had not known to what extent, to what strength the feeling had reached. Though she had thought she had given up all expectation of any tenderer feeling, it was only at this time that she really lost every gleam of hope.

She laid her hand on his arm and said:

"Did you then love her so?"

He raised his head and looked at her. She had never seen anything so glorious as were his eyes—they revealed to her the light that flooded his soul.

"Do not reply," she said. "I see, I know all. Oh, if I have been evil, I have also been unhappy! Victor, all whom I have wronged are avenged."

She did not take her eyes from him; there was a look in them that would have alarmed him had he been less preoccupied.

"I knew Fermor Branwell when I first saw her," she said. "When we came up from the cave I saw her face, and the sight of it seemed an irrevocable defeat of all my plans; for I believe that even then I was sure you would love her."

There was a sudden and strange break in her voice at the last words. She pressed her hand to her side, while the scathing of some dreadful pain passed over her face.

Branwell sprang to her in alarm. Her head was leaned back on the cushions, and she turned it toward him with a smile.

"It is over, the pain is gone," she said. "You will go to your wife. Well, at such a moment as this I know that I love you well enough to be glad of the happiness she will give you; but then, I am dying. Have you still any forgiveness for me?"

She turned her face to the hand that lay on the back of her chair as he leaned over her; her cheek rested against his fingers as she whispered the last words.

He bent down. She faintly felt his breath over her face.

"Freely—freely, my forgiveness is yours," he said softly and earnestly.

She smiled again, a smile so full of pathos that it haunted him long after. Then her eyes flashed suddenly a wide, brilliant look on him, a sigh trembled over her lips, then eyes and lips had closed forever.

The day of the funeral was over. In a strange land the beautiful woman was laid at rest, and the waters of the bay would chant an eternal mass for her soul.

The next morning's sun rose clear and smiling over the earth that was still dripping from an April rain. An early train was carrying Branwell to Dorset. His impatient heart outsped everything, longing for its happiness. But when at last he reached the mountain-embossed village, a presentiment of disappointment came to him. He inquired at the hotel if there was a Mrs. Branwell in the village. The landlord did not know. She had been some time ago at Mrs. Palmer's, and he directed him there. Branwell rang at a handsome country residence, whose windows overlooked the most picturesque part of the country.

He was shown into the parlor, where Mrs. Palmer, a bland, intellectual-looking woman, received him.

"Mrs. Branwell went away in October. I am sorry, but your letter must have been delayed."

"Yes, it was delayed," was his response. "Can you tell me where she is now? It is necessary that I find her."

Mrs. Palmer was too well bred to betray the curiosity she felt as she glanced at her visitor and saw the ill-quelled emotion that he could not prevent from blazing up visibly.

"I suppose she is in Boston. She spends the winter there always, and visits me awhile in the early fall."

Branwell took his hat.

"And the address?" he said.

"No. — Charles street."

He uttered his thanks and left,

It was not a long ride from there to Boston, and yet he suffered the intensities of hope and apprehension; and when at last he was ushered into the parlor in Charles street he looked worn, eager—his face full of conflicting emotions. It was just at dusk. He sat down at the window, compelling himself to sit quietly, and glancing out upon the hurrying pedestrians and the lights that were beginning to glow.

A lady entered; he rose and turned toward her. It was his wife. That she too had suffered was evident, for the color of health had forsaken her, and an unsatisfied hope had written its language upon her face, though it was subdued and half conquered by a resolute pride.

Her manner was coldly indifferent. He could not wonder, though it was a thrust of pain to him. He could not endure that quiet politeness. He stood half way across the room, but his glance annihilated the distance between them.

"Fermor," he said, "spare me this torture. I have only just read your letter, and life itself seemed to stop within me until I could find you. And now you freeze, you kill me!"

To doubt would have been to doubt truth itself.

As one feels the returning warmth of summer after a cruel and long winter, so through Branwell's soul there poured the ineffable light and sweetness of that melting voice. Once more he felt the soft touch of her hand in his, and in tones tremulous with half-restrained, passionate happiness, she said:

"All torture and waiting are recompensed, O my husband, for we love!"

THAT MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. W. S.

"It is of no use for that man to come here to see our Lucy," said Mrs. Ebenezer Ruskin, emphasizing the declaration with a stamp of her slippered foot upon the neatly braided hearth-mat. "It is of no manner of use! He might better stay away."

"He is a very estimable young man," quietly remarked Mr. Ruskin, looking over his spectacles from the cosey corner where he sat reading the Daily Bulletin.

"Estimable! *I* don't esteem him! What business has he running after our Lucy?" cried Mrs. Ruskin, plying her thread and needle with increasing swiftness as she warmed with her subject. "Mr. Knowles had no right to introduce him here. I don't thank him for it; and I wouldn't have thought *you*, Ebenezer Ruskin, would have asked him in, and sent that child into the parlor to see him alone!" Again the slippered foot stamped the mat with added vigor.

"How was he to become acquainted with our Lucy if he did not get a mutual friend to come and introduce him?" inquired Mr. Ebenezer, not noticing the gauntlet thrown at himself.

"What right has he to seek Lucy's acquaintance? I don't like him, and he shan't come here! there!"

"Who? Mr. Knowles?"

"No. *That man.*"

"*What* man?"

"Ebenezer Ruskin! why *will* you provoke me with such senseless questions? It is provocation enough to think that he is poked up there in the parlor alone with our Lucy at this very minute, and you sit here as quiet as a dozing snail and won't so much as show him the door. If only *I* were master of the house!"

"Well, what then, Mrs. Ebenezer? I thought you always *had* been master of the house and always expected to be."

"Ebenezer! if I were a vulgar woman I would broomstick you."

"Or give me a dose of umbrella?"

"Yes, I would indeed. I could see you caned for allowing that man to visit our Lucy. But he shan't marry her. You may rely on *that*, Mr. Ebenezer Ruskin!"

"What have you against him?"

"Everything; but first, and chiefly that he wants our Lucy."

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing; and don't want to know anything about him. Neither he nor any other scapegrace need to come sneaking around after our Lucy. She is nothing but a child. The ridiculous idea of *her* having a beau!"

"Lucy is nearly twenty-one."

"What if she is? She is my youngest; she's my baby. All the others are married and gone; I mean to keep *her* at home to take comfort with."

"But by-and-by you and I may die and leave her very lonely."

"Nonsense! your family is long-lived; so is mine. At all events, live or die, our Lucy shan't have that man."

"He is in every way a suitable match for her—good principles—a proficient in his business. Do you know that despite his youth there is no better doctor for ten miles around than this same young Doctor Gilmore?"

"Shaw! I wouldn't employ him to doctor a sick chicken. For my own part I never *would* have a doctor in the house who wasn't an old married man with a family."

"If your greatest objection to Doctor Gilmore is that he has no wife, why should you stand in the way of his getting one?"

"Why he wants our Lucy; and he shan't have her. Of all men in the world I wouldn't have her marry a doctor; besides that she's my baby, and she shan't marry anybody. This is the first time she has had an interview with him alone, and I mean it shall be the last time. If you don't go and show him the door I will, and tell him, too, that the sooner he walks out of it the better I shall be pleased."

"I do not believe that you mean to do any such thing."

"Do you *dare* me to do it, Ebenezer Ruskin? If you do you shall see what a desperate woman *can* do. I'll go at once and give him a ticket-of-leave."

Mrs. Ebenezer Ruskin started immediately for the parlor, but alas! in her haste and anger she caught her foot in the edge of the mat and fell her full length upon the floor. Her face struck upon the sharp edge of the stove-hearth, cutting her lip and causing the blood to flow profusely. Moreover, putting out her arm to save herself in falling, she broke it between the wrist and the elbow.

Mr. Ruskin ran and attempted to lift his wife; but his constitution was such that he always fainted at sight of blood, and no sooner did he get sight of the crimson fluid streaming from her pallid lips than his head began to swim, his strength oozed away at his elbows, and he sank to the floor in a swoon.

The occupants of the parlor were startled by strange noises in the kitchen. Lucy came running, followed by "that man," seeing her father and mother lying prostrate upon the floor, Lucy ran first to her mother and lifted her head. At sight of the flowing blood horror seized her. "Merciful Heaven!" she cried, "some one has murdered them," and staggering back she fell fainting.

"There was only "that man" to do anything, and he literally had his hands full. But presence of mind, promptness and efficiency marked his every movement. Mrs. Ruskin though badly hurt was not insensible. She knew when a strong arm lifted her and bore her to the lounge, that it was *that man* who laid her there so tenderly, who stanched the blood with his own spotless white handkerchief, there being nothing else at hand, and who gently inquired where and how badly she was hurt before he went to seek restoratives for Lucy and her father. Then it was he who in a trice found water and a towel on premises with which he was hitherto unacquainted, and made application thereof to the two insensible ones, speedily restoring them to consciousness. It was *that man*, also who set Mrs. Ruskin's arm and who healed up the ugly cut in her lip so skillfully that it scarcely showed a scar. It was *that man* who attended her in the capacity of physician until her arm was fully healed. And when, on Lucy Ruskin's twenty-first birthday, a wedding took place in the parlor of the Ruskins, it was the pretty Lucy who was the bride and *that man* was the happy bridegroom.

"It is a splendid thing to have such a doctor for a son-in-law," said Mrs. Ruskin to her husband in an undertone as she was cutting the handsome bride's cake.

"Ah, my dear!" whispered Mr. Ebenezer mischievously in her ear, "of all men in the world I wouldn't have our Lucy marry a doctor; and at all events, live or die, she shan't marry *that man!*"

☞ The search for Dr. Livingstone is gradually developing the nomenclature of Africa. For a long time Ujiji seemed to be the only place of note, but now Ugogo comes up smiling. We like it better. It is a good name for the doctor to remember. He has been in Africa quite long enough.

☞ A Western paper has the following advertisement. "Engaged—Miss Anna Gould to John Candall, city marshal of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

CRIME.—A tale of the last century. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, author of "White Rose," "The Brookes of Bridlemere," "The Gladiators," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

STEEL'S SECOND LOVE. By JULIA KAVANAGH, author of "Beatrice," "Nathalie," "Queen Mab," etc. Three volumes in one. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

HEALTHY HOUSES. A handbook to the history, defects and remedies of drainage, ventilation, warming and kindred subjects. With estimates for the best systems in use, and upward of three hundred illustrations. By WILLIAM EASSIE, C. E., late assistant engineer to Renkiot Hospital during the Crimean war. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE PATHFINDER; or, the Inland Sea. By J. FENNIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

DREAM OF A FREE TRADE PARADISE, and other sketches. By CYRUS ELDER. With twelve illustrations of Henry L. Stephens. Published for the Industrial League, by Henry Carey Baird, No. 406 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP; or, Leap Year Lessons. A book of humorous illustrations drawn by Howard. Published by McLaughlin Bros., New York.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for July. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ST. PATRICK'S EVE. A novel. By CHARLES LEVER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros, Philadelphia.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A Des Moines milkman drives cream horses. It is all on the horses.

☞ Mrs. Sophia Lipps, of St. Louis, is negotiating for a divorce from Mr. Anton Lipps. In the words of the poet, better far those Lipps had never met.

☞ A Richmond man has worn the same pair of linen trowsers forty-nine summers. They have been in style seven times.

☞ Of a lady at the piano singing "I cannot sing the old songs," a four-year old instantly inquired "Who asked you to?"

☞ A cynical bachelor, in speaking of ladies' ball dresses, says: "They wear but little but they wear that little long."

☞ The emotional-insanity plea has spread to the Indians. One of them, the other day, when arrested for killing and scalping some white men, being asked to account for the eccentricity, said, "Me heap crazy; me too much crazy."

☞ The first thing we take to in this life is milk; the last thing is our bier.

☞ The following note was sent to an undertaker by an unhappy widower: "Sur—My Wiaf is ded and wonts to be berried termorror, At Woner kiok. U nose wair to dig the Hole—bi the sied Of my too Other wifs—Let it be deep!"

☞ A father was winding his watch when he said playfully to his little girl: "Let me wind your nose up." "No," said the child, "I don't want my nose wound up, for I don't want it to run all day."

☞ Mr. Bergh, the President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, protests against muzzling dogs in this hot weather. A dog can only perspire through the open mouth, and Mr. Bergh says muzzling interferes with it.

☞ A moustache cannot properly be called a curl of the lip.

☞ An individual at Wheeling is said to have hanged himself the other day, because dinner was not ready when he came home, in order, as he said, to give "warning to tardy housekeepers."

☞ A Western paper says: "Since the jubilee, Boston has run so entirely musicmad that its men wear brass bands on their hats.

☞ Tom Thumb is writing an account of his travels.

☞ In reply to the question why George Washington's sister was not with him when he made his famous raid on the cherry tree, some one says, because she had not got her little hat yet.

How to get a crush hat for nothing—put your new tile under a pile-driver.

☞ A mulatto child was recently born on the plantation of Mr. Gillan, near Cypremort, La, with but one eye, set in the middle of its forehead.

☞ The ladies of Paris, Ky., are forming an anti-speak-evil-of-your-neighbor-society. Good thing.

☞ A dog belonging to one of the San Francisco engine houses has been shaved in imitation of a lion, and the tuft on the tip of his tail is dyed a beautiful pink.

☞ A bright man, not knowing what to do with his dog, hitched him to the tail-board of his wagon while he went into a saloon. While in there the horse took fright, and ran at a tearing pace down the street, the dog following after as a matter of course. When last seen, the dog's interest in the affair didn't appear to have abated any, but it was quite evident he wasn't gaining on the wagon.

☞ The New York Independent describes stolen property as "Jimiskated."

☞ A Berlin physician recently tried to dissever the bodies of two twin girls grown together like the Siamese twins. One of the girls survived the operation one day and the other lingered for three days.

Triumphant for Twenty Years.

More than twenty years ago the MUSTANG LINIMENT made its *debut* in the West. Its cures of the various external diseases of horses and cattle astonished the planters and farmers of the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, and a demand for it sprung up which necessitated its manufacture on an extensive scale. Soon the discovery was made that it was a grand specific for rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, earache, toothache, and other external ailments of mankind. Then it was tried as a healing, pain-killing application, in cases of outward injury, such as cuts, bruises, burns, spasms, &c., and was found equally serviceable. The fame of the new remedy for some of the most painful ills that afflict mankind and the lower animals, spread rapidly, and MUSTANG LINIMENT soon took rank in every State and Territory of the Union as a STANDARD CURE.

☞ A faithful Irishman at Newton, Massachusetts, being ordered to oil the carriage, lubricated the family vehicle all over.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is no Patent Medicine humbug gotten up to dupe the ignorant and credulous, but is a perfect Specific for Nasal Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and kindred diseases. 380.

☞ At Greenwich, Long Island, recently, the enemies of a man painted his horse black, at the same time making his mane green and his tail red.

A Consumptive Cured Accidentally.

Dr. H. James, while experimenting, accidentally made a preparation from East India Hemp, which cured his only child of consumption. Cannabis Indica is the only thing upon record which cures Consumption and Bronchitis. Try it, prove it for yourselves. One bottle will do more for itself than were we to devote a column to its publication. Price $1.50, or three bottles $3.50. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known and remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

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Urinary, and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all other cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins.

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my11-tf.

Midsummer Maladies.

The hot solar rays that ripen the harvests generate many distressing diseases. If the liver be at all predisposed to irregularities, this is the season in which bilious attacks may be anticipated. A weak stomach too, is weakest in the summer months, and the loss of vitality through the pores by excessive perspiration is so great, that a wholesome tonic, combining also the properties of a diffusive stimulant and gentle exhilarant, is in many cases necessary to health, and under no circumstances should be dispensed with by the sickly and debilitated. Of all the preparations intended thus to refresh, sustain, and fortify the human frame, there is none that will compare with Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters. They have been weighed in the balance of experimen and not found wanting; have been recommended from the first as a great medicinal specific, not as a beverage, and in spite of interested opposition from innumerable quarters, stand, after a twenty years trial, at the head of all proprietary medicines intended for the prevention and cure of all ordinary complaints of the stomach, the liver, the bowels, and the nerves. In the unhealthy districts bordering the great rivers of California, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters may be classed as the standard one for every species of intermittent or remittent fever. The people who inhabit those districts, place the most implicit confidence in the preparation—a confidence that is increased every year by the results of its operation.

As Bitters, so called, of the most pernicious character, are springing up like fungi on every side, the public is hereby forewarned against the dram-shop frauds. Ask for Hostetter's Bitters, see that the label, etc., are correct, and remember that the genuine article is never sold in bulk, but in bottles only. jy6-1m

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - $2.50

One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

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☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

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Address H. PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 5 Cents.

NOTICE.

This week we begin a new serial, entitled

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

This novelette, with its strange plot and varied incidents, is the work of a contributor new to our columns. Not one of our readers should fail to peruse it.

Remember the Sunshine in the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Did you ever, MR. POST, listen to a speaker who delivered his address in a mournful monotone, with a corresponding expression of countenance? Were you ever tired and worn out with the toils of the week—heart-weary, it may be—and did you hope to hear from the "sacred desk," in the quiet of Sunday morning, words of comfort and encouragement. And did'nt your heart sink within you, and the way grow darker, and your burdens seem heavier than ever before, because some doleful speaker, who looked only on the dark side of life, gave you the worthless husks of his own forlorn cogitations, instead of the pure bread of life?

How I almost envy you city people! If you don't like sitting in sack-cloth and ashes, you can wander off into more pleasant pastures, and be led by a more cheerful shepherd. But we country people, who can't help ourselves, must listen day after day to these debilitating addresses.

There's one ray of comfort for me!

I sit by one of the church windows, and I peep out and watch the sunshine, and the trees in their summer beauty, and I hear sweet bird-songs float out on the air; and I take the song and the sunshine right into my heart and say triumphantly, (unto myself) "Well, well, Mr. Doleful," you may preach us all into our graves, and moan and lament over the degeneracy of the age, and grieve and groan all your miserable days, but I know, I *know*, that as the Master put song and sunshine into our world, He meant us to enjoy it, and the brighter and more hopeful we are, the better we are following Him. Put sunshine into your sermons, Mr. Doleful, and there'll be fewer tombstones in our church-yard, and lighter hearts in our homes."

And even if I do have to say that unto myself, it relieves my mind wonderfully.

F. A. E.

ETIQUETTE IN VIENNA.

There are no people in the world so tied down by rules of precedents as the Viennese; fashion and etiquette rule them with an iron rod, before which they bow servilely. Fashionable customs are observed here as religious ordinances are in bigoted countries. A fall from virtue is a menial offence as compared with a breach of etiquette. So, for instance, it is fashionable and commendable to drive in the Prater all through the month of May, but *mauvais ton* and not *comme il faut* to be seen there in June. On a fine afternoon the main avenue of the Prater will be crowded with handsome equipages on the last day of May, but on the first day of June, no matter how bright and lovely the weather may be, not a single carriage will be seen along its entire length. For no one is supposed to be in Vienna on the first of June: those families which have remained in the capital to the very end of the best month in the year are supposed to make their escape in the night to their country seats. Or if the circumstances have prevented their doing so, they dare not advertise their presence in town by taking the drive which was still fashionable 24 hours earlier. This is sober fact, not exaggerated fiction. In the same way, it is in the height of the fashion for ladies to ride in the Prater during the season, but no lady with the slightest regard for appearances will ride to or from the park through the town. Her horses must be sent on to the park, and she must drive there and drive home again in her carriage. And this, notwithstanding that right through the city to within a few yards of the entrance of the Prater, there is a riding alley, kept in excellent order especially for equestrians. Again, no officer of cavalry dare carry a parcel while in uniform, no matter how small it be, a book or even a fan rolled up in paper, though he may do so out of uniform; neither dare he enter a one-horse cab, although he may drive about in a two-horse vehicle to his heart's content. An officer of infantry or artillery, however, whether in or out of uniform, may carry what he pleases, and drive in whatever conveyance suits him best. But then infantry officers are out of the pale of fashionable society, while the bold dragoons and gay hussars are its chief ornaments.

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

A new theory has been broached in regard to Asiatic cholera, which is that it is not a disease of the bowels, but of the nerves, though the former are generally, but not always affected. The exhaustion or paralysis of the nerve system constitutes cholera. The first symptom is a shrinking or shrivelling of the ends of the fingers caused by the small arteries ceasing to supply the usual quantity of blood to the surface, and a blueness, shrinking and corrugation of the skin, debility, and coldness. This may occur without any great disturbance of the general health, for some time at least. An old physician says that a man may have the disease for hours, and perhaps days, without seriously disturbing his health. That is, it produces no serious effects until it extends to the larger vessels, as it begins in the minute extremities of the nerves.

☞ The ladies give as a reason for marrying for money that they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

CHANGES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Hard by a vine-clad cottage,
Away in the olden time,
Was a garden-seat in a quiet nook,
In the shade of an ancient lime.

Low in the grass, a maiden
Sat at her grandame's knee,
Pulling the flowers till they lay about,
And she sang right joyously.

Trilling her hopeful numbers,
The sunshine crept o'er her face,
Softly touching the old dame's cap,
Playing along the lace.

"'Tis queer," said the olden lady,
"The brow must gather with care,
And silver threads, in a few short years,
Will come in the golden hair.

"I once was a lovely lady, child,
In a city far away,
But furrows are now upon my brow,
And each truss has turned to gray."

To-day that bright-eyed maiden
Is wrinkled, and thin, and old,
The years have stolen her roses,
And silvered her hair of gold.

And a little girl beside her
Sits in the summer air,
Tossing the rays of sunshine
Up from her shining hair.

And the dame relates a story
Of the days of her regal prime,
That is not unlike the one she heard
Far back in the olden time.

And when years pass, this maiden
May tell with a touch of pride,
A similar tale, to some fair child
That will sit and sing by her side.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WEEPING WOMEN.

Was it in THE POST? or if it wasn't in THE POST it was somewhere else I read that anecdote, strikingly illustrative anecdote, of a woman who wanted a divorce in court. The tide seemed going against the poor creature, and she began to weep copiously. "That's right," whispered her learned counsel, edging his chair up to hers. "That's right. Cry—cry like the ——, and you will get your decree." And she did cry, and did get her decree.

I thought of that anecdote to-day. There was a funeral hereabouts, a funeral of a head of a family. It wasn't any of my funeral. A young woman was there. It wasn't any of her funeral either. She wasn't so much as a fiftieth cousin of the dead person's divorced wife. Their forefathers hadn't even been acquainted in the old country. In fact the young woman didn't know the dead man at all. But this tender-hearted young person cried herself almost into a fainting fit over the dead man. In short, she couldn't have cried harder if she had been the dead man's mother-in-law. It was very touching indeed. She gave utterance to such huge, deep, lengthy sobs that it truly seemed as if her gentle heart was about to—*bust*, for instance.

And as surely as you live and breathe, five minutes afterwards that young woman was walking down street chatting and laughing as merrily as if she had been at a wedding. Bless the dear creature! She wore a very spotted Dolly Varden, and had her hair frizzed all over her head. If you see this little Frizzletop at a funeral, you will recognise her by token that she always cries, whether she knows the folks or not.

When I see a woman like that, I always have my opinions. Because the cruelest, deceitfulest woman I ever met in my life belonged to this class of constitutional weepers. If little Frizzletop, who was at the funeral, wanted a divorce from the best husband in the world, I haven't a doubt but she'd get it, and have the sympathy of all the jurymen and the rest of mankind, for a persecuted angel. The murderess, Madame Laura Fair, has a most affecting way of bursting into tears, and holding her handkerchief to her eyes, at stated intervals during her trial. Just so. It is truly impressive. Nero, bloody tyrant, used to weep copiously when he signed death warrants; so, we are told, did that tender-hearted hypocrite, Robespierre, who was unchangeably opposed to capital punishment. Nero and Robespierre were not weeping women, to be sure, but they ought to have been, both of them, and maybe, in their anti-woman's rights day, they couldn't have done the world the harm they did.

It is something I can't explain myself, but I instinctively associate the women who cry the most easily and the most desperately with a cruel, cowardly, hypocritical disposition. They are almost always the women who figure in the divorce suits, the breach of promise cases, and not seldom in poisoning cases. They are the kind who go off into hysterics, and take tantrums, and stick pins in their babies to punish them, as I knew a constitutional weeper to do once. She would shed tears at the snap of one's finger, and she deceived her husband habitually, told the most awful whops of stories, neglected her helpless babe till the good angels took it to heaven out of sheer pity, when she wept violently and unceasingly for twenty-four hours, and fainted three times on the child's grave, and put on very black mourning because it suited her complexion. I have no more faith in the emotion of one of those gentlewomen than I have in the tears of a crocodile when he is just about to dine off a young negro.

When I was a school-mistress, there would always be two or three big girls, the aggravatingist nuisances on earth, who kept us all in continual hot water. I was perfectly "weary of my life, because of the daughters of Heth." I dare not tell you how many times and again my worried soul was animated with the gentle womanly desire to choke 'em. They would peep into their books in recitation-hour, and if caught at it and reprimanded, they would bawl and snuffle enough to convince St. Peter himself that the school-mistress was a cross, spiteful old tyrant. They never studied any; never knew their lessons. If gently admonished, they burst into tears; if kept, and made to study after school, they consumed the precious hours by pouring out quarts of lachrymose lamentations. And that is about all the sly, sneaking cats ever would do, except to quarrel with the other girls and tell stories. I never could make anything out of them.

A boy goes sturdily to fighting the obstacles in his way, when matters go cross-grained; a girl will—"sit down and have a good cry." That's the difference. And preach as you may, you'll never get it through my head that it's a "constitutional" difference. I know better. The good God would never create anybody to be such a pusillanimous fool. At least he'd be mortally ashamed of his handiwork, if he did.

There is something unspeakably revolting to my idea of all that is womanly, steadfast, and true, about hysterics and idiotic weeping in which so many female women indulge themselves. If a grown woman were a baby in long clothes, crying with wind on her stomach, one could have some respect for her emotions, and administer soothing syrup; but for those who ought to be strong, fine, clear-brained and enduring, the mothers of heroes, and that sort of thing, and who are wanting more rights besides, bawling, snuffling and hysterics are not nice. They somehow fill one with a huge disgust and distrust towards womankind.

ZIG.

VIOLETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

I never inhale the odor of Violets that I do not go drifting in my thought-boat adown the broad, deep sea of memory, until I drop anchor in the port of that quaintest of all quaint cities of the South, New Orleans.

The place is absolutely over-run with violets. Every home is made fragrant by them, from the broad, well-kept grounds, surrounding palatial residences, to the modest little cottage with its few feet of green in front; or, if the house stands directly on the street, a pot of violets in the window sweetens the air for all who pass that way.

I think the violets of New Orleans are richer in color and fragrance, than those of our colder clime.

On the great Boulevard, Canal Street, at almost all hours of the day, you may see the flower-venders, Spanish, French and Quadroon girls, swinging from their bare arms, large baskets filled with bouquets of brilliant flowers, exquisitely arranged. Roses, jessamines, pansies, japonicas, clusters of oleander buds, all intermingled with violets; and tiny bunches of violets only, nestling among their dark green leaves.

A small cluster of these blue-eyed, sweet-breathed darlings, placed in a vase of water and renewed every few days, kept my room filled with a foretaste of the air of Paradise while violets lasted. They are in bloom the greater portion of the year.

Not alone for the living do they bloom, but are woven by the hands of affection into wreaths and crosses to adorn the resting places of the beloved dead. Everywhere violets, New Orleans' favorite flower. Scarce any home so poor that it may not possess these treasures of fragrant loveliness. Violets are common to the North and South, and they are always sweet, wherever we find them; but I have never seen them growing in such luxuriant profusion and beauty as in that far-off southern city where I spent such a delightful year. From a friend's flower garden the other day came a cluster of my favorites, but their petals were not half so blue, nor their hearts so rich with perfume as those that bloomed for me in a vanished year!

MY QUEEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lips like a cleft in a strawberry,
A wealth of chestnut curls,
Eyes two violet petals,
My queen of beautiful girls.

Each cheek is the leaf of a tea rose,
Teeth that are perfect pearls,
A chin as dimpled as Cupid's,
My queen of beautiful girls.

As fresh as the sparkling water
That over the pebbles purls,
In the flower-shaded brook in the meadow,
My queen of beautiful girls.

And mine is this sweet, rare beauty,
Lips, dimples, roses and curls;
Mine her pure and beautiful spirit,
My wife, my queen of girls.

CHIT-CHAT OF THE SUMMER RESORTS.

There are at present several heiresses at Long Branch.

The Stockton, Cape May, accommodates 1,000 persons.

Yacht racing is the present social excitement at Cape May.

The White Sulphur is crowded with Virginia beauties.

Baltimore is well represented at the Ocean House, Newport, and the *demoiselles* well sustain their reputation for grace and beauty.

Saratoga has several prominent Southern families this season. The ladies are very beautiful, and are destined to create sad havoc among susceptible young gentlemen.

White flannel suits are in fashion among Bean Brummels at the seaside.

Some wretched-looking gypsies are encamped in the suburbs of Saratoga.

Young ladies at the seaside wear their hair in long braids tied with bright ribbons. It is said to be stylish.

"Dolly Varden" bathing suits are the latest novelty. They are made of chintz-figured flannel, and are very pretty indeed.

Amateur boat racing is a fashionable dissipation at Mahopac.

Old Dominion aristocracy can be found at White Sulphur Springs.

Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania, counts its visitors by the hundred, and hopes to have a season superior to that of last year.

Buttoned boots of écrue linen to match the travelling dress are a late discovery in ladies' wear.

Long Branch has no fire engines in case of fire.

Col. Jerome Bonaparte is the social lion at Newport.

Dirty Indians are selling beads and fans at Saratoga.

Englishmen are haunting the places of fashionable resort.

Croquet is one of the fashionable dissipations at Rye Beach.

Extravagant dressing has commenced at the leading Saratoga hotels.

The cadets at West Point appear to be under greater restriction this year than ever, and consequently their lady friends are rendered miserable. General Ruger, the Superintendent, is a very practical and sensible man, believing that military discipline and love-making do not go well together.

Prince Yturbide, the legitimate heir to the throne of Mexico is a guest at the Stockton, Cape May. He is dark-haired, black-eyed, and very handsome. He does not speak English, however, which is some impediment to a flirtation, though we have heard that eyes may speak plainer than a tongue. Senor Luis Postead, of the Spanish legation at Washington, is also stopping at the Stockton, as is Japanese Tommy.

From the Bayonne Herald, Bayonne City, N. J. July 13, 1872.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This oldest of all weeklies comes forth in juvenile freshness and not a whit less of mature vigor, ready for the library table every Saturday morning. For our readers not to know "Peterson's Post," its long list of original poetry, its refined and experienced tact in selecting attractive "Stories," and ability in arranging its contents to suit the ever-varying tastes of the times—we say, not to know all this is to confess to a lack of general knowledge, it is to be hoped, not one of our readers can possibly be obnoxious to the charge of.

☞ An exchange says, "Ole Bull, when young, attempted suicide, and now he is the best violinist in the world. There is a young man in our neighborhood who plays the accordeon, and he is not a success. Probably if he were to attempt suicide he would learn much faster. Should he succeed in his attempt at suicide, we would be just as well satisfied."

BARBIE'S MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY IDA ROLAND.

The creepers at the west window framed a pretty picture that night, and the sun just then flinging its parting glory upon it, brightened it still more. Pretty Barbie Allen, humming softly to herself a little tune, polished the tea things carefully and set them on the dresser. A dainty little body was Barbie; no wonder the sun lingered a little longer to brighten the scene. It could not have looked in on a lovelier picture. One could easily have guessed that her thoughts were pleasant ones from the light in her violet eyes, and the spring to her step. But a voice from the porch dispelled these thoughts.

"Lands sakes! Barbie, it takes an awful time for you to wipe them few dishes. Just you hurry up your cakes, and come and help me pick currants. It's high time that jelly was being made, if it's ever going to be."

Then a calico sun-bonnet passed under the window, and over toward the currant bushes.

The happy light faded from the girl's eyes, and the quick tears came.

"*Dear!* it's nothing *but* hurry all the time. I *hate* to pick currants, and what *will* Robert say? I promised to be at the old gate after sunset," she sobbed under her breath.

To disobey the wish of her step-mother was not for a moment to be thought about, so the happy dream was put aside, and donning her wide hat she went to the bushes, giving one wistful glance toward the old pear tree that guarded the orchard gate.

Barbara Allen's life had not been a very happy one. She lost her mother while very young, and ever since she could remember a step-mother had ruled her life, who was incapable of ever understanding a nature like hers. Matter-of-fact and common-place she certainly was herself, but she could never make Barbie like her. No open warfare ever came between these two; but way down in Barbie's heart there was an utter loathing for all that should have been home to her, and a determination to some day leave these distasteful scenes and see a little of the great world outside their narrow sphere, the world she had thought and dreamed so much about. It had seemed this year as if her wishes were to be gratified. Ever since Robert Talford had come to their little village to spend the summer, there had been a bright spot in her life. He came the summer before the first time, and when this June brought him back again, she felt that she had something for which to live.

She never questioned her right to love him and to be loved.

She never tried to analyze her own feelings and learn how deeply she was attached to this gay, handsome youth, who made love so royally and spent money so lavishly. She only felt that a new world opened before her, something beyond the old life of drudgery, and was happy.

Long after the appointed time that night a slender figure stole through the moonlight toward the old gate.

Would he wait for her? Yes, he was there and welcomed her with fond kisses and tender reproaches for her tardiness.

"I could not help it, Robert. *She* kept me."

"Poor little Barbie, you have a hard life here?" he questioned.

"Ah! you do not know *how* hard. How shall I endure it when the summer is over and you are gone?"

"Did you think I would leave you here? That is what I wanted to say to-night. I must go back next week, and you must go as my wife. Nay, you must not hesitate. I want you, Barbie. Come."

What girl with a heart full of love for the handsome face before her and disgust for the life behind could have denied him?

"Your parents and brother Robert, you told me they were wealthy and proud, what will they say to your country bride?"

The youth's face darkened. "My mother will do anything for me," he said, "and Guy,"—the eyes flashed—"Guy always opposes me, but he shall not *dare* influence them in this. He is a surly fellow, Barbie, and always stands in my way, but if father and mother only see you first it will all be right. Never mind them, girlie; *I* love you. Will you come?"

"Anywhere with *you*, Robert; only let it be away from here.

Four weeks later Barbie Talford stood at the window of her room in a fashionable hotel waiting her husband's return. It seemed much longer to her since she bade good-bye to the old farm-house that moonlight night and married Robert Talford. These four weeks had been spent by the young couple in traveling amid scenery so new and beautiful to Barbie's eyes, who had never seen anything before but her native hills, that it seemed like entering a new world.

It had been several hours since he left her, and she was beginning to feel uneasy, for she well knew where he had gone.

He had pointed out his father's house to her that morning as they were riding, a beautiful brown-stone mansion, with its elegant surroundings, that told of wealth and taste. He had left a note of explanation for his father, and this afternoon had gone to prepare them to receive her. He had left her in the best of spirits, but as the hours crept by and he did not return, she felt a strange foreboding. What if this Guy, of whom her husband had so often spoken, should influence them to turn Robert away because he had married her. She hardly dared let the thought enter her mind, but still it would come, in spite of her efforts to be cheerful.

In this short time she had learned that the character of the man she had married, lacked the stamina that he would have to possess to begin life unaided by their wealth and influence.

His whole future would depend upon the manner in which they would receive him. No wonder she was anxious and depressed. She listened as every footfall sounded outside her door, thinking each fresh one must surely be his. At last the door opened, and he entered. One glance at his face told that all had gone wrong. Never had she seen him so angry, she dared not even to speak to him; but sat trembling and frightened in her chair, watching him as he paced the floor with heavy steps, his face dark with hatred and his hands clinched. At last he seemed a little calmer, and approaching her threw a note into her lap, bidding her read it. It was written in a clear, firm hand, and contained but a few words, but she read it again and again, as if she did not understand its meaning.

"ROBERT.—Such conduct as yours will admit of no excuse. It is not only heartless, but disgraceful. My father desires that from the moment you receive this you will cease to consider yourself a member of the family.

GUY."

"What does he mean, Robert? Is it because you have married me? Is *that* the conduct that is not only heartless but disgraceful?" She looked at him so earnestly, with her clear eyes, that for a moment he sank before them. Then he said with a bitter laugh,

"Of course it is. What else have I done to offend his royal highness. A very good excuse to get me out of the family, selfish brute." Then followed such a tirade of abuse, that Barbie shrank back with terror; indignant as she had been a moment before. "Don't curse him, Robert, remember he is your brother."

"Yes, and that he has turned me away from my father's house like a dog," said he, savagely.

"Let me go to him, Robert. Surely he cannot be so hard hearted as you think. Perhaps if I could see your father he would feel differently."

He looked at her strangely for a moment, then shook his head. "I know them better than you Barbie. They will never change their decision."

"What are we going to do?" said he, turning to her as if she were the stronger, and indeed she was.

"Do! How can you ask when we have all our life before us. *Work*, win a name and a fortune that will equal, if not outshine, your brother's." Her face shone with enthusiasm as she spoke.

His face lighted up for a moment, as if he too felt a little of her energy and courage. Then it died down, and the old weak look came about the mouth. Barbie seeing it looked ahead into that great future that was staring them in the face, and sighed. Was it going to be as bright as she had hoped?

A little figure in black, with a sad face and mournful eyes, sat with a little child in her arms in a third-story room, in a city boarding house, rocking back and forth and singing to the child, a beautiful little girl two years old, in a voice that had in it a sound of tears. A tap at the door and the landlady entered, and after asking her a few questions said, "I am very sorry for you, of course, Mrs. Ford, but you cannot expect me to do any more than I have already done. What did they say about that last situation?"

"They could not employ me on account of little Dot," said she, clasping the child closer in her arms.

"Just what I told you, yesterday. You will never be able to do anything as long as you cling to that child. Better give her away. I know plenty of rich ladies who would gladly adopt such a pretty baby."

"Mrs. Brown," said the little woman, her voice trembling, yet earnest, "it is useless to talk of that. Give away my baby; the only thing I have in the world to love? Oh! little Dot, little Dot, we'll starve together first," said she, sobbing over the sleeping child.

"Well, well! I did not mean to make you feel bad—only I thought it would be better for you both. I heard of another situation this morning—but like as not they would have the same objection. It's that of housekeeper to a rich family the other end of the city."

"I can keep house better than anything else," said she, eagerly. "Where is it? Maybe they wouldn't mind little Dot."

"It's over to Talford's. The young man and his mother keep house. The old gentleman died a few months ago. They had some sort of trouble. The rich have their own troubles as well as the poor sometimes. I think this was a wild son, that got shot away from home. I guess the news is what killed the old man. I'd go and try anyway, if I were in your place. I'm sure they needn't mind the baby, blessed lamb," said she, stooping to give it a kiss, and hurrying away, not noticing that the mother's face was as white as death. The door closed, and Barbie Talford laid litle Dot on the bed, and kneeling beside it, prayed that they both might die.

Three years had passed since Robert Talford had been disowned by his father, and commenced his downward career. Three years over which Barbie could not look without a shudder. Reproaches were vain now, for she was a widow; and grief had softened her heart toward the one who wrecked her happiness. He had tried to do better; but it was the old, old story of "climbing and falling back to sin." He was so weak, and soon became reckless.

One night a bullet from the hand of a drunken companion ended his career. So Barbie was left a widow, under an assumed name, with nothing left but her child and her own brave heart.

It had been a year since then, and it seemed to Barbie as if it was a hard world to live in. She was willing to work, God knows; but so little fitted to battle with a world of which till now she had known so little. Then little Dot seemed to have no place, and she *could* not give her up. After she got calmer she sat thinking over what her landlady had told her, and almost resolved to try and obtain the situation, much as she shrank from so doing. It seemed at times as if she could not ask a favor of Guy Talford, or eat a mouthful in his house. She blamed him for all of Robert's wrong-doing. Then it seemed as if it was the last chance offered her, and she *must* try for little Dot's sake; and she resolved she would. The next day she took unusual pains with her toilet and little Dot's, and found her way to the Talford mansion, for she remembered it well; and was ushered, with a fast-beating heart, into the presence of its mistress. It was in her own private sitting-room that Mrs. Talford sat; for she was an invalid and seldom left her own apartments. She was a stately-looking woman; but though haughty, looked sorrowful; and her hair was perfectly white. Her son was with her; and as soon as Barbie could command her eyes, she looked at him, and was startled to find how much he resembled Robert. Taller, more dignified, his clear, blue eyes a little colder in their light, and his mouth a little firmer.

A handsome man every one said, but so haughty.

Meanwhile as Mrs. Talford talked with Barbie, he looked at her in such a manner that made her feel as if he could read her secret and would denounce her on the spot as the destroyer of their happiness. Little Dot, all unconscious of her mother's emotion, was perfectly delighted with the pretty room, and sat on the bright carpet trying to pick the pretty flowers scattered over it.

The talk lasted some time and ended in her being engaged on trial. The child was no objection Mrs. Talford said. The house was large, and she could keep her in her own apartment. If she could stay now they would send after her trunk. And ringing for a servant to show her to her rooms Mrs. Talford dismissed her, saying to her son as the door closed,

"You think me foolish I know to take a stranger in, but she was so charming in her widow's dress that I could not help it. I am not usually taken with a pretty face and manner; but something in Mrs. Ford's manner appeals to one's sympathy. I hope I shall not be disappointed in her."

"I hope not," said Guy, rising to go. "But I am afraid you will regret it some day, mother."

"Why?"

"Never mind now. Try her. She may be all you think her." And he walked away to his library.

In her room, which was more spacious and comfortable than any she ever had occupied before, Barbie mused over the events of the day, half regretting, yet thankful that fortune had favored her. Regretting that she must stay there and deceive them. Thankful that at last she had a haven of rest.

The days and weeks passed, and Barbie learning her new duties discharged them faithfully, earnestly striving to win their approbation, which she seemed to succeed in doing. Mrs. Talford found that her house and servants were as well managed as when she held the reins of government herself; and rejoiced over the treasure she possessed. Always quiet and unobtrusive, she won many friends in the house; but still held them at such a distance that none dared ask about her past life, except the few questions proposed by Mrs. Talford the first day she arrived. As for little Dot, she was like sunshine in the stately old house. Even Guy admitted her into his library, and carried her about in his arms.

Barbie herself shunned him, trying also to keep Dot out of his way; yet when she was obliged to be in his presence, she studied him carefully, trying to discern the traits in his character she had heard Robert speak about. Cruel and selfish she felt him to be, and set herself to work to prove it; but as yet she was forced to acknowledge she had failed. He was thoughtful and tender of his mother, kind to the servants and polite to her, still she could not trust him. She never *forgot* the words of the note that alienated Robert from his family. *Why* was his conduct heartless and disgraceful? They knew he had married a good girl, what if she had been reared in the country, was that a disgrace? No, she could not forgive him, and felt sometimes when she looked at him that he was her husband's murderer. He might have been so different. Time had softened the dead man's faults till he seemed in her eyes a martyr. Sometimes she thought she could not remain another day under Guy's roof. What if he should discover her secret. How they would despise her for deceiving them so. His mother she had learned to love. She remembered that Robert told her once that she would do anything for him; and she longed to cling to and love the stately, sorrowful woman who nursed her grief so silently. Robert's name was never mentioned in the house; but in his mother's sitting-room his picture hung covered by a silken veil. She discovered her before it one day in tears, and longed to tell her then and there who she was. Then she thought of the great world outside, into which she would be thrust, and where there seemed to be no place for her and little Dot, and was silent.

Barbie usually presided at the table, as Mrs. Talford preferred to have her meals sent up to her, and did it so gracefully and easily, that it was with pardonable pride that Guy presented her to his guests as "my housekeeper, Mrs. Ford."

Their guests were not many, however, and many were the meals when they two were alone. He seemed to be studying her as well, and sometimes drew her into conversation, when she was at first determined to talk only commonplace.

At the end of six months she had to acknowledge that she had discovered nothing in his character, that would warrant her opinion of him. She said to herself, "he is generous, gentlemanly and fascinating." The last said with her flushed cheeks hid in Dot's curls. Still she was not satisfied. After that, there was a new inmate in the house. A cousin of Guy's. A reckless, dashing young man, tolerated only because of his relation and good humor. He stared with astonishment as Guy introduced him to Barbie, and to her disgust, tried to make himself particularly agreeable. He asked Guy all about her, but gained but little information, as he evidently did not wish to enlighten him. He next tried to quiz Barbie herself, but was repulsed with so much dignity, that he vowed to Guy the next day, that she possessed enough dignity to be mistress of the house.

"And so she is, in my mother's absence. We will not discuss Mrs. Ford, if you please."

This reply made the young gentleman rather provoked, and he made up his mind to bring his stately cousin off of his 'high horse' as he called it.

So, the next day at dinner he said during a pause in the conversation, "By the way, Guy, I saw she that was Lillie Stone, the other day. She looks a little happier than when I last saw her. I used to think she would never get over the way your brother Robert disappointed her. Rather mean in Bob to go and marry that little country girl when he was engaged to Lillie, and the wedding day appointed. Never discovered it, did they, till the guests were all assembled to witness the ceremony? Bob was a queer chap. I believe uncle never forgave him that last scrape."

So coolly was this speech delivered that Guy seemed to be struck dumb, and could only sit and gaze at him, with a look that would have made him quail, if he had not been so brazen.

Before he answered him he turned and gave one look at his housekeeper, and met her eyes fixed upon him, with a look of mingled astonishment, entreaty, and despair.

In it he read, how much? She felt that it was everything, and rose to her feet with a faint "excuse me," and tried to leave the room; but would have fallen, she was so weak, if he had not come to her assistance. He led her across the hall into the library, and placing her in an arm chair, bade her remain until he returned. She dared not disobey, but crouched there sobbing under her breath, "Oh, how I have misjudged him! What will he say?"

She never knew what he said to his cousin. He came back soon, and turning the key in the door, stood before her with folded arms, as if waiting for an explanation. She stretched out her hands to him like some chidden child, and said, brokenly,

"I know you despise me, I have deceived you so. I have misjudged you so. But if you only knew *all*."

He took the little hands gently in his own.

"Poor child, I *do* know. Do you think I have blamed *you*. You did not deceive me, I knew you from the first. Even if I had not found your picture among Robert's things, I should have known his child among a thousand. I know you have thought me cruel to write the note I did to him; but you little know how he tried us. What you heard to-day, may give you some idea. I am glad to make you change your mind concerning me; but sorry to have you know the deceit Robert practiced. He was your husband."

He drew himself away as he spoke, and looked at the tearful face before him with a searching look.

"Poor Robert," she sobbed.

He turned a little paler, and said,

"You must consider me your brother now, and this house your home. I feel that when mother knows all, she will be much happier."

She rose to go then, and giving him her hand, said,

"You have been so kind to little Dot and me; but we will not stay if you do not wish it; perhaps we had better go."

The clasp on her hand tightened till it was almost painful to bear, and he said,

"Child, do you think I can spare you? Oh, Barbara, if you would only try half as hard to love me, as you have to dislike me, I might hope that the past would be forgotten—and you would stay here as my wife."

He did not try to take her in his arms as he spoke, but rather held her aloof, gazing at her with his great love shining in his eyes. Not until she let her own answer them did he take her to his heart and murmur,

"*My* Barbie, my little wife."

Then Barbie knew that the terrible mistake of her life was blotted out with this more perfect love; and that henceforth, her lines would be cast in pleasant places.

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THERE IS A STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

There is a star!
It shines upon me through the night
With radiance most divinely bright,
And, looking up, I almost see
A face of deepest purity,
Which, long ago, from earth has gone,
And left me in the dark alone,
Yet pitying, with a beckoning hand,
It guides me to the morning-land.
There is a star!

There is a flower!
'Tis not the fabled lotus cup
From Nilus' waters looking up,
Nor waxen lilies bending low—
A heart of gold encased in snow.
You sing the humble mignonette,
And praise the blue-eyed violet;
But one, thy love, oh poet, knows,
The royal crimson-hearted rose.
There is a flower.

There is a bird!
How oft I turn a listening ear
Unto the strains, so rich, so clear,
Midsummer nights have taught me long
The rhythm of a wordless song;
Oh, bird, from out whose scarlet throat
A love-song trembles in each note,
Confess, if from a hidden wound
Must flow such ecstacy of sound?
There is a bird!

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "SKALE THE SCOUT," "AGNES ARNE," "THE TORY BROTHERS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

Henry Hale had arrived at Clermont. He came as if by long-accustomed right; as if no mystery hung over his long absence from his father's companionship. He settled into the place as easily and familiarly as if he had only been away on a common-place journey.

All this was very surprising to Mrs. Mount, and to Auria also.

"What do you think of the young man?" the widow asked of the latter after the induction of the youth into the household.

"A very pleasant, well-mannered person he certainly is," was the answer. "He seems quite at home, as indeed he might be supposed to feel in his father's house, and yet such immediate and entire adaptation of himself to his new surroundings is remarkable. One might think that he had only returned from a visit to a neighboring city."

"It is as you say; and not a word yet from him or your guardian in explanation of the cause of his long seclusion."

"The circumstances of the case may be painful," said Auria, with slight deprecation expressed in her tone, though she did not wonder that the widow was curious on the subject. "I am content to wait the pleasure of Uncle Syndam in removing the mystery."

"And I also, Miss Auria, though I do not expect a speedy knowledge of the case. Perhaps I have no business to feel curiosity in regard to it, but one cannot help wondering. As the matter stands I am glad that the young gentleman is so intelligent and agreeable. How dreadful it would be to have him stupid or otherwise uncompanionable."

Auria smiled. She was thinking that possibly he might prove *too* agreeable. His good-nature seemed to be superabundant, and this, in connection with his evidently indolent disposition, tended to make him too mild and yielding for sound manliness. A little more starch in his composition would have improved him much. Yet in conversation he could be animated, sprightly and amusing.

Mrs. Mount was quick to note his extraordinary and unvarying mildness of manner.

"I wonder if it will last?" she said to Auria some days later. "I hope he will change a little, though to be sure he is very pleasant. But I like a spice of temper about a man. Young Mr. Hale is surely too good-natured. He stumbled over the cat this morning in the dining-room—you know Pet is always under our feet—and though he fell against a chair, he didn't even frown. Most men couldn't have helped looking dark a moment, though they pretended to laugh the next, for if there's anything a man hates it is to be tripped by a cat."

"You must not be too severe in your condemnation of good-nature," laughed the fair girl. "Such exhibitions of it are rare enough to be valued."

Yet Auria herself came at last to be unpleasantly impressed with the young gentleman's tireless suavity of manner. There was something peculiar in it. But the two got along very well together, to Syndam Hale's great satisfaction, who took a watchful interest in the progress of their acquaintance.

"She tolerates him—even likes him," reflected the merchant one evening as he sat alone. "After a time she may come to love him, and then all will be well. I feared that she would find him tiresome, and come at last to have a contempt for him—Henry is so easy and over-pleasant in his ways. She has apparently forgotten that impudent young sea captain, and Gilbert Dunnton she positively dislikes. Things will turn out right, after all."

He chuckled, and the greedy, avaricious look shone stronger in his eyes. Had the plotting man known what a deep and tender interest his beautiful ward still took in the welfare of Captain Arneton; how often through her friends, the Hammonds, she heard from him; and how she rejoiced in the hope of soon meeting her betrothed under that friendly roof—he might have been less confident of directing Auria's affections as he desired.

"If fortune will only favor me a little longer, he continued to himself, "if I can only have time—time (for haste will not answer in this matter) and if my son only *can* be kept——"

He did not, even to himself, breathe his further thoughts. A dark, anxious look shadowed his face, and he slightly trembled, as if the evil he meditated appalled him for a moment. A transient feeling of remorse then appeared to move him.

"If this curse were only removed from my son," he thought, "how ambition and affection would urge me in this work. As it is, only accursed love of gain controls me. Oh, my son—my lost, lost son! would that he were restored to me, and he whom I now have, were taken from me forever! Would that the lost were living and in my home, and the other in his grave!"

An agony seemed to fill the breast of the unhappy man. He bowed his head in bitterness of thought. After a time he arose and paced the floor; and the old hard look was in his eyes—the old wicked purpose in his heart.

At this moment a knock was heard at the door of the apartment in which he was. He bade the applicant for admission, enter, and his son came in.

The personal resemblance of Henry Hale to his father, so far as outline of figure and cast of features go, was remarkable. But there the likeness ended, and an equally remarkable contrast was presented. The son was of light complexion, with blue eyes and sunny hair. An expression of mildness and softness appeared in his countenance, while the face of the father wore a hardness of look that never gave way save to a hypocritical gentleness, when he had a point to gain thereby. The latter, at one glance, would be taken by a physiognomist, for a man of resolute purpose and unyielding will; the former for a vacillating, submissive person, too tractable, probably, in the hands of a schemer for his own good.

Over this weakness of his character, he wore like a thin veil, that covered but did not conceal, that indescribable suavity of manner, to which we have already referred. At first it might please, and even charm, but it would become irksome at last.

Syndam Hale looked keenly at his son, as the latter entered the apartment. That close, quick, scrutiny over, he pointed him to a seat, which the young man took with a sort of sigh.

"You are tired or troubled to-night, Henry?" remarked the father in an anxious tone. "Which is it?"

"I have done nothing to weary me, and have nothing to trouble me," was the reply, accompanied with a faint smile.

"You should have occupation. You have never been accustomed to it, but it is not too late yet."

"No: my life has been one of idleness, if I remember," said Henry Hale, sadly, passing his small white hand over his brow.

A look of apprehension appeared in the father's face. A strange expression of dreaminess and forgetfulness was in that of the other.

"Don't try to remember, my son. Never mind the past. Make up for your former indolence by greater activity now. Suppose, suppose, Henry, that you occupy yourself in winning the hand of the beautiful Auria Melford. That would be fine employment."

The young man started, and his father looked at him with the air of one making a strong suggestion.

"Delightful!" spoke the former at last, as if upon reflection he had quite satisfied himself of the agreeableness of such a pastime.

"Have you never thought of it before?" asked Syndam Hale.

"Never," responded the son, abstractedly, as if he were wondering why the idea had not occurred to him.

"I suggest, then, Henry, and even direct that you endeavor to secure the young lady's special favor. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you the husband of my ward. I do not mean that you commence an ardent courtship, but I wish you to entertain the idea of making Auria Melford your wife, and to so conduct yourself toward her as to make plain your preference."

"I am sure I would like to please you, father."

"Please yourself at the same time," said the father. "*I will help you,*" he added, with a significance that the young man did not appear to understand.

"Miss Auria is a charming girl," said Henry Hale.

"She certainly is. Few attractions are wanting in her. She shall be your wife, my son. It is well you came to me this evening. I intended to speak to you on the subject soon. Don't let your listlessness overcome you hereafter. Have a purpose in life, and let that purpose for the present be the one I have indicated. There, you may go. I would be alone."

The young man withdrew, his father looking after him in a strange, pitying way.

"Poor boy," he muttered. "How different my other son would have been! Oh, my stolen boy! where are you to-night? Would that you were here, and *this* one gone!"

This brief but bitter soliloquy ended, he arose and retired.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OPENING THE CASKET.

With the casket and its supposed precious contents in his possession, Surf Castleman fled to a retreat far up the coast, where in safety he could examine his prize.

"What if I am to be disappointed after all?" he soliloquized as he approached the spot he had chosen for the temporary concealment of himself and his treasure. "However, the box is in my hands, and I shall soon know what my labor has won me. If Dunnton never turns up, there will be a double share for me—provided there is anything."

A landing was effected, and directing his companions to return to the schooner, making them the bearers of orders to his lieutenant to bring the vessel to that point, Castleman was soon alone in his hiding-place. His assistants, fully trusting their leader, and knowing that they would be amply rewarded for the special service they had rendered, without a word or look of demur obeyed the command of their chief, and headed their boat for the vicinity of the wreck. They apprehended no trouble to themselves, arising out of their connection with the midnight visitation of the treasure-ship, for they appeared to be harmless sailors, whose only business was with their vessel. No one on shore suspected that Surf Castleman was in reality the commander of the innocent-looking schooner that for weeks had been passing and re-passing Lighthouse Ledge, apparently engaged in honest traffic, and no one guessed that he had such numerous agents near. The probability was, therefore, that his men would reach the vessel unmolested, and that in a short time the disguised "Rift," abandoning her humble occupation of carrying coarse cargoes along the coast, would be under her captain's command, ready to assume her true character of rover, for such she really was.

The diver was alone, with the curious-looking casket before him. His men had disappeared—he had watched them as they shot down the coast, until they were out of sight—and no human eye was near to observe his triumph or chagrin as he removed that rusty lid.

His hands trembled as he began the work of opening it. The task was not to be performed without difficulty. The casket had been securely locked in the first place, and the rust and mould that covered it bound it together with a yet securer grip. For a quarter of an hour the eager man endeavored to remove the stubborn lid, but in vain. A few minutes' more work, and then it yielded.

The parts were pried asunder, and lo! before the sight of the excited diver were spread the contents of the box. Necklaces, rings, crosses, pieces of coin, ear-drops, pearls of great value, even diamonds were there, and in a state of almost perfect preservation!

Rust and mould and slime were on the outside, but within was the sparkle of precious stones, the glitter of gold. The casket was water-tight, and nothing had been destroyed by the eating brine.

It is no dream after all—this legend of the sunken casket!

The delight of Surf Castleman as he beheld the treasure was unbounded. He was a judge of the value of such articles, and a brief examination convinced him that they were not shams.

"The Englishman did not lie!" he exclaimed, his eyes glowing with a look of satisfied greed. "I did not toil and plot in vain. Gold, pearls and diamonds—a splendid fortune! Oh, Gilbert Dunnton, if you were only here to see, how your face would brighten! Poor fellow! fate is against you, and with me. I am under a lucky star. Long may it shine! I have another prize to win. Sweet Amy Arneton, I have not forgotten you, though you may think no more of me. *You* shall share this treasure; *you* shall dwell in the luxury it will bring. O, happy man am I! One more venture—one more success, and then forever will I quit this land. I know a fairer, lovelier spot, but I could not dwell there alone. O, no, sweet Amy, you shall be a rover's bride, and a happy life you will lead. You will hate me, and then love me; pine awhile for your home on the beach—for your friends—and then forget them. I will show you scenes, fresh with a beauty of which you never dreamed. Fair flower of the North! I will bear you to a tropical soil. You will not wither there, but bloom with fuller sweetness. Ah, Surf Castleman, how joyous life will be, with this treasure yours, and that lovely maiden also."

He ceased his rapturous soliloquy, and gathered up the glistening stones and jewels, giving each a separate and searching examination.

"Not one that is not valuable," he murmured with satisfaction. "No mere trinkets, but rare metal—flawless stone, all."

Carefully placing the articles within their rusty receptacle, he carried them to a spot more lonely even than where he at first was, and proceeded to hide them by burying them. This accomplished, he concealed all traces of his work, carefully marked the locality, and then retired.

All the while he had been meditating evil against a pure and unsuspecting girl, and he now gave himself up to the formation of a plot to abduct Amy Arneton and place her on board his vessel. Then, not forgetting to secure the casket, he would sail for another clime, change his treasure to coin, and live a life of lawless ease and luxury. This was the villain's dream, and thus far he had more than realized it. We shall soon learn how he succeeded in his unholy purpose, but we must first return to Gilbert Dunnton and see how he prospered in his designs against Syndam Hale and his ward.

CHAPTER XIX.

SYNDAM HALE IS DISMAYED.

"Mr. Gilbert Dunnton desires to see you," was the message conveyed to Syndam Hale by a servant one evening shortly after the young man had come into possession of the packet from his friend, Henry Soule.

"I will see him immediately," said the merchant. "Show him into the library; I will receive him there."

The servant withdrew—and Syndam Hale, before going to meet his visitor, thus reflected:

"He comes, no doubt, to propose for the hand of Auria Melford. Well, I must be decisive with him; I have other views for my ward that will not admit of the encouragement of Gilbert Dunnton's suit—if suit it may be called—when Auria so resolutely declines his society. I have heretofore held quite a friendly feeling for the young man—I know not why it is, but I have been somewhat strongly attracted toward him—but that was before the present possibility presented itself; the union of my son and my ward. Besides, why need I favor Gilbert Dunnton? He cares nothing for me; he seeks his own selfish advancement more than anything else. Why should I falter in my present purpose? I *will* not; I will persevere and succeed."

He proceeded to the library where Gilbert Dunnton was impatiently awaiting his coming.

He greeted the young man respectfully but coolly. He knew his intentions—or imagined he did—and desired to impress him with a sense of disapproval of his object beforehand.

Gilbert noticed the change in the merchant's manner, which hitherto had been quite cordial.

"It is as Soule says," he thought, "I'm to find little favor at the hands of Syndam Hale. Fortunately, I can compel his favor."

"I presume," said Dunnton, after the exchange of a few common-place remarks, "that you can guess the object of my visit?"

"You have come to receive my answer to your proposal to marry my ward, if I mistake not," replied Mr. Hale, with decided coldness expressed in his tones. "I will speak plainly with you. In the first place, Miss Melford does not regard your pretensions with favor."

Gilbert Dunnton's face flushed hotly, as he interrupted—

"I care little for that, since she has been from the first disdainful in her treatment of me. It is my intention to make her my wife, and I demand your co-operation to that end."

Syndam Hale stared in astonishment at the speaker.

"You are bold—you are insulting thus to speak," he said.

Gilbert Dunnton laughed—a low, jeering laugh it was. He cared no longer for the merchant's favor, since he was about to compel him to lend him his aid in the matter.

"I am in earnest," he answered, persisting in his insolence of manner. "Will you, or will you not help me?"

"No," replied the merchant, sternly. "On the contrary, I dismiss you from my house because of your ungentlemanly words and bearing. I have felt kindly toward you heretofore, Mr. Dunnton—but your sudden insolence is intolerable. From this time we are strangers."

He arose and motioned Dunnton to leave the apartment—but the latter showed no disposition to depart.

"Not so fast, Mr. Hale," he said, threateningly. "Did you ever know a person named Lucy Grandon?"

"What do you mean?" cried the merchant, a deathly pallor overspreading his features.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the young man, triumphantly. "The question startles you, as well it might. I mean that I have in my pocket the death-bed affidavit of the woman named, in which you are accused of her murder."

Syndam Hale glared in dismay at the dark and scornful face before him. He saw there stern merciless purpose that might prove his own doom.

"Produce the paper," he faltered.

His visitor drew from his pocket the packet that had been given him by his friend.

"Read it;" said the merchant, gasping with fear.

In cold, steady tones the fatal document was read. Syndam Hale listened in trembling terror. He attempted no concealment of his fears, for the charge had been so suddenly made that he was confused and panic-stricken from the first.

"Your price for the packet?" he demanded.

"You see the power I hold over you. These are my terms: first the hand of Auria Melford—with her consent or by force. Secondly—well we will settle final terms afterward."

"Let me examine the affidavit. Doubtless you have the original elsewhere, and the copy with you," said the cunning Hale.

"To copy and keep such copies would be dangerous. The original and only affidavit is in my hands. Your agitation proves its truth, nor shall I give it up until your ward becomes my wife. You shall assist me in bringing about that consummation, or the hangman's halter shall encircle your neck."

Syndam Hale gazed keenly at the hard and cruel lips that addressed him. He saw nothing there expressed save iron resolve.

"Leave me for the present," he implored.

"That you may have time to plan escape from my power?"

"No, that I may reflect upon your terms. What if my ward cannot be forced to wed you?"

"Together we can compel her. Do you promise your assistance?"

"I do."

"At your peril then, deceive me. Why cannot the lady be forced to marry me instead of your son? Ha! ha! I will see you to-morrow evening at eight. Till then, adieu." And with a mocking bow Gilbert Dunnton left the room.

"Baffled again!" groaned Syndam Hale as he sank almost helpless to the floor. "He will come again, and I must yield to him. There is no escape."

The terror of his present position seemed more dreadful to him than the memory of the crime with which he had been lately charged.

"How did the villain obtain that paper?" he queried to himself in dismay. "He carries the original and only copy, he says. Can I not get possession of it even at the cost of blood. My life is at stake—the hand and fortune of Auria Melford would not satisfy Gilbert Dunnton—I must save myself if I can."

For hours he occupied himself with such thoughts, and then retired to his chamber, where he continued his terrifying reflections. But he had formed a plan whereby he hoped to extricate himself from the power of Gilbert Dunnton.

CHAPTER XX.

ONCE MORE ON THE WAVE.

In his pleasant home Captain Arneton became at once rapidly convalescent. The tender care of his sister contributed to his restoration to health, and when to this were added the cheering visits of Will Hammond, bringing him messages from his betrothed, it was not to be wondered that his recovery was so swift. The extreme weakness that had followed his first prostration was gone, and even a greater strength than he had before possessed was his.

Several times he visited the city during the period of his convalescence, and it was always felicitously arranged that he should meet Auria Melford at the home of the Hammonds. Very pleasant were these interviews—very proper too, though the desire of Syndam Hale would have been against them.

One day Will Hammond came up to the light-house keeper's cottage with the lively announcement:

"Your vessel awaits you, captain. Everything is in capital order, and the Breeze never looked better."

"That is good news. We will go down this afternoon then."

"To-morrow morning will do as well. There's no particular hurry, impatient as we are to catch another Indiaman."

"Considering the ardor of the crew, it was very kind to keep the brig in port awhile on my account."

"What is a crew without a captain?" said Will.

"Well, there was Matley, he would make an excellent commander, or yourself, Will."

Walter smiled as he made this humorous allusion to his friend's seamanship.

"Thank you," said Will. "One swallow does not make a summer, nor one cruise a captain. I have not even qualified myself to take charge of long Tom yet. But in some capacity or other I am determined to accompany you. Business is dull in our line—the war in fact affects every interest—and that dingy office is not to be preferred to the deck and cabin of the Breeze."

"I believe you will turn sailor, permanently yet, Will," remarked Walter.

"I will if the war and privateering and prizes last."

It was too late to go to the city that afternoon, so it was arranged that an early start should be made in the morning. Walter passed the intervening time in making some little private preparations for his departure, and Will Hammond found enough to engage him in the society of Amy Arneton. The young man was already smitten with her beauty and grace—her sweetness and gentleness of manner—and it was almost time to call them lovers.

But an exciting and novel adventure was to be shared by the two young men before they left for their vessel. John Manners returned that evening, with the intelligence that the suspicion which he had long entertained, that dishonest night operations had been carried on at the sunken wreck, had been verified, and that it was his intention to watch that night, to apprehend the men thus engaged. Surf Castleman, he was sure was the leader in the secret work. Would Walter and Will go with him for a midnight reconnoisance of the spot?

They agreed to without hesitation.

"It will insure us an early departure for the city, at least," said Will, who was slightly skeptical in regard to anything being wrong about the old sunken ship. He had heard too many scaring tales in that connection. But the light-house keeper was not to be ridiculed out of his belief that there was mischief afoot—or afloat—there.

Accordingly, near midnight, the vicinity of the treasure-ship was visited, with the discovery and results already stated—the surprise of the treasure seekers, and the separation of Dunnton and Castleman.

Will Hammond enjoyed the affair hugely, and old John Manners rejoiced in bringing to light the fact that illegal operations had been secretly carried on at the wreck.

The company rewarded him for his activity in the matter, though they had hitherto believed no ill of Castleman. His knavery and duplicity were now apparent, thanks to the light-house keeper, who from the first had distrusted him.

Captain Arneton, and his young friend, arrived in the city very early next day, and went on board the Breeze immediately. They found everything in complete order. Returning to Mr. Hammond's office, they received from him directions to sail that very day. The merchant and his daughter drove down to the wharf to see the vessel off. There was hardly time to say good-bye. Walter sent by Lily a lover's message to his betrothed, regretting his inability to see her again before sailing. He had hoped to have the happiness of spending a few hours with her before his departure, but duty was imperative.

Once more the Breeze was on the broad bosom of the Atlantic. Her course as before was directed toward tropical waters, the intention being to intercept another of the enemy's returning merchantmen. Confidence and good feeling prevailed on board the brig. Captain and crew were in the best of spirits, and everything went well.

Had Walter Arneton known what danger, even in the hour of his departure from his home, menaced his beloved sister; had gay-hearted Will Hammond dreamed of the peril that threatened the sweet girl he left behind him—her who had grown dearer to him than the sprightly Lily—both would have wished themselves where they might protect her. But they knew not of the dark designs of Surf Castleman against Amy Arneton, and with serene and untroubled spirit they trod the decks of the privateer, or reclined in her cosey cabin. And thus the days passed on until the cruising-ground was reached.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FATE OF GILBERT DUNNTON—A TERRIBLE REVELATION.

Had Gilbert Dunnton known the desperate character of the man whom he sought to make his coadjutor in his scheme of villainy against Auria Melford, he would never have returned alone to the merchant's house.

But he went to Clermont on the evening he himself had appointed. He saw Auria Melford, and made an abrupt and distinct proposal for her hand.

He was rejected, as he expected to be.

He then demanded an interview with Syndam Hale. To his surprise, instead of finding him pliant and fearful, he found him bold and intractable.

He threatened him with immediate exposure of his crime. Apparently unmoved, the merchant heard him, and then defied him.

Enraged, he left the house, intending to seek his friend Henry Soule and consult him in regard to the next steps to be taken; for he had no idea of putting his threat into execution, as he desired to use the secret to compel Syndam Hale to obey him in his wicked plan against Auria Melford.

But he never saw Henry Soule again. An assassin's blade, hired to do the murderous deed, struck down the wretched young man, and Gilbert Dunnton died in the street at midnight. His person was robbed of the fatal packet he carried, but his watch and chain were left upon his body—evidence that the object of the murder was not plunder.

The news of the tragedy spread abroad next day.

In one of the city journals, Henry Soule, who had already a premonition of the evil to his friend, read, to his horror, of the murder. He guessed at once the truth.

"This is Syndam Hale's work!" he exclaimed to himself. "He has thus possessed himself of the dangerous paper Gilbert carried. My friend has been rash—incautious as he always was. My God, what crimes has Syndam Hale committed! Now is the hour of my full revenge—though its cost is fearful, for Gilbert Dunnton was my only friend, and I loved him."

A strange, wild grief then appeared to overwhelm the dark-bearded man—a grief with which a double horror mingled.

"I must see him—I must look upon his dead face—and then seek Syndam Hale, for I have a fearful revelation to make to him. I will not send him to the gallows; when he knows all he will die without."

The mysterious Soule visited the place where lay the body of the murdered Dunnton. The silent expression of his grief was terrible as he gazed upon him. Not a word, not a tear escaped him, but those who were near did not fail to notice the intensity of his emotion.

"Who is he?" was the whisper.

But Soule only said he was a friend of the deceased, gave some directions as to the disposition of the body after the inquest, and then walked rapidly away.

He sought the business office of Syndam Hale.

It was closed.

"He knows of the success of his hellish work, and has not the hardness to be among his ledgers and gold to-day. He hides, perhaps trembles, in another place, rejoicing though that his enemy is removed. I will find him, and startle him."

A grim and ghastly sternness—an expression of mingled horror, grief and anticipated revenge—was on his dark face.

He reached Clermont, and after some delay was admitted to the presence of its guilty master.

The white and haggard countenance of Syndam Hale was fearful to look upon. An added pallor, if possible, was given to it as he glanced suspiciously at his unknown visitor.

"You have heard of last night's tragedy," said Soule, with merciless abruptness. The agitation of the merchant was uncontrollable. He looked the very picture of guilt.

"To what do you refer?" he faltered.

His unwelcome visitor sneered audibly as he answered:

"To the murder of Gilbert Dunnton."

"I saw the accounts of it in the daily journals."

"But knew of the deed before," was the terrifying addition made by Soule.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" demanded Hale, feeling that his guilt was known, yet wondering at the strange manner of his visitor.

"My name you will learn soon enough. My object in coming here is to let you know that I am aware of your share in the crime committed last night. Gilbert Dunnton was in this house a half hour before he met his death in the street. *You* slew him—or caused him to be assassinated, that you might possess yourself of a document he carried. I charge you with the deed; and this shall be your punishment: The true name of him who perished at your bidding, was not Gilbert Dunnton, but *Arthur Hale!* your own son."

"Oh, my God!" cried the horrified man. "It cannot be. Who are you, to come to me with this tale?"

"One who in other days escaped your murderous arm, though you thought me dead. Behold!"

The stranger tore from his face the heavy false beard that concealed it, revealing the features, not of a man, but of a woman!

"Lucy Grandon!" was the amazed exclamation of Syndam Hale.

"The same. I have come to you to inform you that I am revenged. Fear me not, miserable man; I will not give your neck to the halter. To live with the knowledge that you are the murderer of your son—of your once idolized Arthur—must be punishment enough for your sinful soul."

"Oh, Heaven, be merciful!" groaned the wretched father, sinking to the floor. "Can this be true you tell me?"

"In mercy to yourself seek not the proof if you doubt it. But you will be forced to accept the dreadful facts. I stole from you your boy—in revenge for your base deception towards me years ago. Once I loved you, Syndam Hale; you betrayed me, and I hated you. I loved and then hated you, the father; I hated and then loved, Arthur, your son. He is dead—slain by your own act. I, who sought to advance him to fortune and secure position, have nothing more to live for—not even revenge. I will leave you, with the dreadful assurance that you will find I have not erred in informing you of the relationship the murdered man bore to you. Farewell, and may God have mercy on you!"

Resuming her disguise, the miserable being, who had thus appeared as from the dead to the even more miserable Hale, hurried from the house and was never heard of again.

For hours after the departure of his visitor, the merchant lay on a couch in the apartment, in a stupor of misery. His long absence at last excited search, and he was found by his housekeeper—so haggard, so changed by remorse and woe, that she scarcely knew him.

To all inquiries as to the cause of his suffering, he returned no answer.

Auria Melford, mystified and alarmed though she was, by the strangeness of his conduct, endeavored to soothe him, but without avail.

His son never approached him, but began to exhibit on his own part, such eccentricities of behavior, that Mrs. Mount and Auria both doubted his sanity.

Two days passed—slow, dreadful days they were. A deeper gloom settled over the old mansion; its atmosphere seemed full of mystery and wrong.

Only once in that time had Syndam Hale gone from the house. Though he felt that the statement that had so horrified him, was true, he did not abandon a hope that it might be false. He must satisfy himself of its truth or falseness. He went out as we have said. He returned with a new horror expressed in his looks. *He had seen the face of his long-lost, and now murdered son.*

From that moment he began to sink toward death. A short period elapsed, and he himself announced that he was dying.

"Send for a physician," he directed at last, though previously he had utterly refused to see one.

"A physician and a lawyer," he said. "I have much to say before I die."

Both came.

"How long have I to live?" he asked of the former.

"A week, perhaps," was he reply.

"I shall not live half so long," he said, "but I am glad that a little time remains to me."

He was left alone with the man of law.

"I have not a will to make," he said, "but a confession."

The attorney looked surprised. Before he had heard all from the lips of the dying man, he not only looked surprised but horrified.

"Can the man be sane?" he asked himself; and he even sought the physician's assurance on that point.

"There is no doubt of his sanity," was the declaration of the latter.

"Then what a sinner Syndam Hale has been," thought the attorney.

The confession was made and transcribed in legal form. A portion of it had reference to Henry Hale, the dying merchant's son. The reference was of such a character as to direct particular attention to the movements and conduct of the young man. In a day or two it became necessary to deprive him of his freedom. *He was quietly apprehended and conveyed to a lunatic asylum.* The "*infirmity*" of which her guardian had spoken to Auria Melford as afflicting his son proved to be of a *mental* nature. He was a "gentle madman."

And then Syndam Hale, repenting, it is to be hoped, of all his misdeeds and crimes, died and was buried.

His confession was published—not to the world, exactly—but to all interested parties. Among these, curiously enough, were Walter and Amy Arneton.

How it was that the dying confession of Syndam Hale had any bearing upon the welfare or interests of the young captain and his sister, we will leave for explanation in another chapter.

After the funeral of her guardian, Auria Melford made her home, upon generous invitation, with the Hammonds, and there she awaited—as did Lily also—with great impatience the return of her lover. For startling news was in store for him.

Word had been sent to the home of Amy Arneton to apprise her of an impending momentous change in her fortunes, brought about by the death-bed confession of Syndam Hale.

But to this came an alarming response.

Amy Arneton had been mysteriously abducted from her home, and extended search had revealed nothing of her whereabouts.

This was sad news to Auria and Lily. To their impatience was now added pain, for though neither knew the lost one, she was the sister of Walter, and—it was suspected—the sweetheart of Will.

Time passed on, and the return of the Breeze from her cruise was shortly to be expected.

Nothing had been learned of the fate of Amy Arneton, though the two girls had sent anxious inquiries every day to the cottage of the light-house keeper.

"Gone, gone!" mourned he and his good wife. "It is Surf Castleman's work, and we shall never see our darling again. Oh, what will Walter do when he comes back?"

And the two were not to be comforted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW IT IS DONE.

Scene in a library—gentleman busy writing—child enters:

"Father, give me a penny."

"Haven't got any—don't bother me."

"But, father, I want it—something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"I must have it! You promised me one."

"I did no such thing! I won't give you any more pennies—you spend too many. It's all wrong. I won't give it to you; so go away!"

Child begins to whimper.

"I think you might give me one—it's real mean!"

"No! Go away—I won't do it! So there's an end of it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes. Father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child.

"There! take it, and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, and goes out conqueror, determined to renew the struggle in the afternoon, with the certainty of like results.

Scene in the street—two boys playing—mother opens the door and calls one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house right away."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come in right away, I'll give you a whipping!"

Joe smiles and continues his play. His companion is alarmed for him, and advises him to obey.

"You'll catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"Oh! no—I won't. She always says so—but never does. I ain't afraid!"

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, and thinks herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents. Show your children by example that you are weak, undecided, and untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority and regard your word as nothing. They graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your sowing will not fail.

Scotch Men and Women.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing from Edinburgh, says:—"In the crowds of elegantly attired people in constant motion along the broad pavements, the Highland costume, picturesque, historic and attractive, will often arrest the attention of a stranger; for not to the so-called Highland regiments of the British is the national costume of bonnie Scotia confined. Na, na, but on the broad shoulders and columnar legs of men who stand six feet in their soles, and carry the dirk in the garter of the right leg, it is seen a common sight in the streets of Edinboro. Nor are such noble specimens of the physical man unmated, for Scotland yet can boast of dames with such lips and eyes that the ordinary pigmy must needs look up to before the bliss is reached. The ordinary type of the Scotch beauty is not, however, tall. She is a little over medium height, a florid blonde, perfectly sweet and healthy. Her hands and feet are enchanting—large and sensible looking, and her hair is whatever color it pleases heaven, and that varies from a fine flax to a glowing red.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.

GERALDINE LETS OUT HER SECRET.

And it turned out after all that it was not Mark Jarrett's Daisy whom Wil Rokeby had rescued from a watery grave.

While pursuing the fleeing horse to the river's brink, while buffeting the waters which chilled his limbs and bubbled into his mouth and throat, as if designing to choke him, when he held her to his breast, and in the most critical moment of their danger felt an all but irresistible and not exactly unnatural impulse to press his lips on her forehead, her cheek, perhaps her tiny mouth—there was no time to be scrupulously fastidious—when afterwards he had knelt at her feet, chafing her hands, and gazing on her white, inanimate face with a prayer trembling on his tongue, when she opened her eyes, and they settled on his face and she smiled, he had not the remotest doubt possible that she was Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

And she, who, hearing the clatter of his horse's hoofs in pursuit of her, had turned her head in the expectation of seeing her guardian's face, but instead saw his, who had seen his determined countenance advancing steadily to her, while she clung in agonized terror in the swift river to the mane of her horse, who had seen his pallid, anxious visage upturned to hers, when she felt like awaking out of a dream, had not the slightest wavering in her mind when she believed she was looking upon, and had been saved by the young gentleman who in her conception was an Adonis dressed in modern attire, whom she had seen, like a youthful god on a visit to earth, wandering on the banks of the Dove—even Bertie Rokeby.

Aye, it was Geraldine—fair, sweet young Geraldine—whom he had saved, and who equally with himself was mistaken on a question of identity.

It seemed strange that she should have recovered so speedily from the effects of her unintended and hazardous bath, but perhaps there was something in the circumstance that she thought she knew who had saved her, and therefore she strove to recover in time to tender him her thanks in person before he vanished, as he had often done at Dovedale, or she could be whisked off from him, as she had been by that unpleasant old waddling, fussy Chinese idol, Lady Mary Waggleton.

Yet she was abruptly whisked off and borne away to London before Wil Rokeby could leave his chamber and hold an embarrassing and perplexing interview with her, and she found herself installed in her suite of apartments in the villa north of London without having had the opportunity of even looking, if she were debarred speaking, the thanks she felt so deeply.

How dull and dreary, how wretched and lonely, how vacant, how empty seemed the charming little suite of rooms when she returned to them. She wandered from room to room, looked upon the portraits on the walls, gazed out of the windows upon the flower parterres, up at the broad blue sky or the fantastical clouds, white, aureate, rose, and gray, but she saw the face of Wil Rokeby nowhere.

She would have been eventually embarrassed if she had in the flesh: for a brief conversation and a tolerable quantity of stolen glances—innocence itself must and will have a sly peep now and then—would have convinced her that the adventurous hero who had saved her was not that beautiful unknown, who had flitted about the Dove like Ganymede—that is Ganymede in a brown felt wide-awake, and habiliments which smacked rather of the hunting-field than the drawing-room, but a delightful and lovely-looking youth for all that.

No, she could see his face nowhere, and as a matter of course became tired of life and took to her bed again, as if she intended to slip out of existence silently and gently.

For what had she to live? Her guardian, Mr. Scarsdale, had spoken of the brave and gallant act of her deliverer in a pooh-pooh kind of fashion, and in an offhand way had said he should find an opportunity of rewarding him. Talked airily of saving life from drowning as a thing of the commonest occurrence; spoke of life-boats in roaring surf, and Deal boatmen in tempestuous seas and dangerous breakers, and altogether classed the performance of the most beautiful and noblest of his race as a thing which could have been accomplished by any one of the hundreds of bold and hardy fishermen lining the coast from Margate Roads to Selsey Bill.

But she did not look on the feat as if it had been done by a life-boat or a hardy fisherman; she felt now that she detested life-boats and abhorred hardy fishermen, and as she was not permitted to return him *her* thanks for saving *her* life—and there was strong presumption for believing that she would not be allowed to see him again—she thought it would be the wisest thing to give up the ghost as soon as possible.

If she had never seen him, perhaps the world would have been to her a cheerful garden to wander and sport about in for a long day's play; but as she had seen him, and been so very close to him under exciting circumstances commanding her deepest, her very deepest gratitude, the world in future would be to her nothing without him. She felt it to be rather a grievous mischance that they had not both gone down to the bottom of the river, and thence straight into Paradise together; but as this could not now be, it would, so far as her inclinations prompted, be the best thing for her to go to the gardens of Elysium alone and await for him.

So she had a relapse, and became very ill, feverish, delirious, and appeared to have impressions of being in Eden, sauntering amid sweet-scented flowers with a youthful angel, the fairest of his kind. That is, in the wanderings of her brain, her tongue spoke, and it was clear that, timid, retiring, bashful, innocent, child-like as she was, she had found already one to whom her mind and heart clave who was not of her own sex.

At least, thus much was discovered by one who watched her constantly, patiently, anxiously; who moistened her parched lips, bathed her burning temples and cheeks, listened breathlessly, and with something like a feeling of pain, to her gentle ravings and complainings; who tended her unwearyingly, though often tearfully; and who not only communed solicitously with the able physician who had been called in, but to the very best of her powers carried out to the letter all that he had prescribed.

Save that he one day abruptly remarked, after he had listened in perfect silence to some of the poor girl's insane murmurings—

"This young lady is secretly and very deeply in love. You had better set your wits to work to find out who the fortunate fellow is—for he is fortunate in winning the love of such a charming and pure-minded creature as our patient. If he be worthy, and loves her in return, take my advice, and give her to him. If not— Well, I do not think I am prepared to answer what will follow. Do not lose time, and let Mr. Scarsdale know of this at once."

Mrs. Loraine, who was Geraldine's careful, assiduous, untiring, vigilant, and affectionate nurse, listened to him with scarcely disguised anguish. Indeed, she averted her face from him, and concealed her eyes with her handkerchief, for here was a confirmation of her fears.

"It were almost better that she died if this be true," she moaned.

"It is true," he returned, with emphatic frankness; "and it would not be better that she should die. She is very young—an infant in years. She is a perfect Psyche, so lovely is she in face and form. She has a sound constitution, and if the worst comes to the worst, her body will, in all probability, outlast her mind. Now, there is anything but an exact and defined rule in human destiny. You have, madam, I not only imagine, but I see, had sore tribulation in your time. You have suffered deeply, and I should say undeservedly; but it by no means follows that this dear child should be doomed to misery in her married life because you have been bitterly tried. Even you may be happy yet."

She shook her head dissentingly.

"Tut, madam! The sun shines after the longest spell of bad weather," he proceeded. "You should reflect that sorrow is, after all, pretty much the evil we choose to make it. Come, come, Mrs. Loraine, I will prescribe for you. Look your trouble firmly in the face, grapple with it, sift the chaff from the corn, and boldly make your stand upon your own rights. You will find affairs creep out of their tangle, and come right at last. As for our sweet little patient here—well, at least coax her story out of her. She will be sure to confide in you, and you can then follow up my advice."

"Not to communicate the result to Mr. Scarsdale," she answered, betraying curious agitation. "I cannot do that. I—I should die. I could not endure what would fall from his lips and retain my senses."

"Tut, tut, madam," returned the physician, gently tapping his arm, and smiling kindly; "I see you are nervously timid. I will release you from that part of your task. Obtain the acknowledgment from the poor little lady who he is who has made her know that she is a woman, and I will do the rest. The profession encases its medical men in a kind of impenetrable armor—impervious to the tongue, however—like armadillos. I will face Giant Grumbo at the right time, and, my life on it, we shall bring matters to a satisfactory issue."

Mrs. Loraine with a heavy heart undertook her mission. First of all, she set her mind to work to recall to it any youthful gentleman of whom Geraldine had spoken to her in commendatory terms—in any terms twice or thrice, or more than that; and she recalled in vain. Geraldine had been so very silent on all such points, it seemed as if she was quite unconscious of the existence of youthful manhood. Yet at last it came to Mrs. Loraine's recollection that she had mentioned meeting at a fashionable reception a young gentleman whom she had seen at Dovedale.

But, then, she had alluded to it at first almost cursorily, as a singular thing, something remarkable, that she should meet again in so brilliant an assembly one whom she had several times seen wandering on the banks of a river, in one of its most secluded windings.

Yet, also, she had referred to it two or three times, and Mrs. Loraine now remembered that she had not only reverted to it meditatively, rather than as a communication, but that the event had certainly not been a source of vexation as well as wonder.

Mrs. Loraine made a mental note of it.

In a few days more the fever was under control, and the lightheadedness had vanished. Geraldine was able to leave her bedchamber, and spoke with perfect coherence, but in a sad and weary strain, a little fretfully, though, withal, tenderly and sweetly.

During a temporary break in their conversation, one afternoon, while seated in Geraldine's pretty boudoir, Mrs. Loraine, as if *apropos* of nothing, named the banks of the Dove, with its picturesque rocky scenery, its leaping, rushing, bubbling waters, and its lonely seclusion, suggesting that human foot scarcely ever strayed there.

"Rarely, rarely—scarcely ever," responded Geraldine, with a deep sigh, "excepting that I used to wander there constantly in my school vacations."

"When you were a very little child?" suggested Mrs. Loraine, regarding her from beneath her eyelashes.

"Oh, yes; and when I was older, too—much older—until just before we quitted Dovedale," she returned, with another sigh, and a faint tinge of color making its appearance on her cheek. "We had a house at Dovedale Fell, you know."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Loraine, with a sigh too, which, however, she strove to suppress; "a sort of dungeon, concealed in a recess among the rocks, to which no one was admitted."

Geraldine smiled faintly, as she rejoined—

"It was very retired—quite out of the track of all travellers through the Dale. Old Kennel used to call it, when he was in a merry humor, and that was very seldom—oh, so seldom—the Enchanted Castle of the Rocks. He styled me the mysterious princess, who was and would be secreted there until one bright day, a hundred years to come, a beautiful prince, all jewels and gold, would arrive to deliver me. Oh!"

"What, my love?" interrogated Mrs. Loraine, eagerly, as Geraldine, catching her breath quiveringly and spasmodically, pressed both hands upon her heart.

"It is nothing, dear Mrs. Loraine," she returned, with downcast eyes, after a moment's pause; "only a twinge at my heart. Kennel would say, too, as he winked both of his owlish eyes at me, that my guardian, Mr. Scarsdale, was the stern magician who held me in thrall, and he was the stubborn old watch-dog. Yet, dear Mrs. Loraine, it was mostly very lonesome, very dull and dreary. Indeed, that was why I was so fond of straying among and scrambling over the rocks, gathering bouquets of the sweetly pretty white flowers, watching the river rushing among the great stones, showing its pearly teeth as if in mischievous joy to think the great, still, rigid blocks rising up to impede it could not stay it. It would run in and out them, over them, past them, gurgling and singing joyously, carrying bright strips of grass, and buds, and flowers, prismatic bubbles, and many things triumphantly along with it, in spite of all obstacles. And now and then brilliant fish would dart here and there after gauzy flies, sometimes springing out of the water and coming back into it with a splash that for the instant made your heart leap too. Then you would see them swimming about in a stately, dignified, indolent, self-satisfied way, waving their tails backwards and forwards, as if their watery home was a blissful paradise to them. Staring at you with their large round eyes as if they knew you envied them, and opening their mouths in smiling superiority at you while they sipped in the nectar in which they floated. Looking so innocent, too, just for all the world as if they had no design upon the fluttering rainbow-tinted insects buzzing above them, yet in a moment darting at them, snapping them up, and swallowing them as quick as a flash of lightning. It was a charming place, though such a solitude."

"Your description, my love, tells its own story. You must have been a solitary to have observed so closely," returned Mrs. Loraine, after a moment's thought. Looking more fixedly at her she observed, in a seemingly careless, yet not the less interested tone, "You never, I suppose, met with a recluse like yourself wandering among the rocks, Geraldine?"

"Like myself," murmured the young lady, quietly. "No—oh, no!"

"Nor any companion, in fact," suggested Mrs. Loraine, regarding her face from beneath her long eyelashes attentively, "except the bushes springing from the interstices of the masses of rock, birds and butterflies, bees and gnats, wild flowers and sweet flags?"

A roseate tinge raced over the cheeks and forehead of Geraldine. Her eyelids betrayed a slight tremor, and so did her tiny lips. She could not repress an involuntary sigh.

"N—o," she replied, faintly, with a prolonged intonation. "No—no companion."

"I have touched the chord," thought Mrs. Loraine, with an inward pang. Then she added,

"I quite comprehend that no human foot ever strayed in that sequestered place save your own."

"Oh, yes—oh, yes there was!" rejoined Geraldine, spontaneously, and then checked herself, at the same time blushing deeper than ever.

"A young country maiden like yourself, I suppose?" pursued Mrs. Loraine, scarce able to supress the sigh that rose to her lips.

"No—Mrs. Loraine," she answered, hesitatingly. "Not a country maiden, but a—a—young gentleman."

"A young gentleman?" echoed Mrs. Loraine, in her turn faintly. "How—how in the name of all that is wonderful did he get there?"

"I do not know—I cannot tell," was the answer.

"He spoke to you, did he not?" interrogated Mrs. Loraine, disquieted by what she foreboded.

"Not at that time," answered Geraldine, feeling an intense yearning to be confiding, as most young maidens in love do when they have got hold of a good listener of their own sex, who promises to be "as secret as the grave." Yet she was withheld by an inward reluctance, as if she felt she should be reproved for the confession she so wished to make.

"This grows more serious," thought Mrs. Loraine, troubled by an unfounded presentiment. "Where did you afterwards meet this young gentleman?"

"For a moment only in my guardian's house in Dovedale," she returned, in a kind of murmur, with crimsoned cheeks. "He mistook me at first for a young lady he named, afterwards for a sylvan fairy—so he said—was it not absurd?—and he followed me quite into the house on the Fell. To be sure, I felt very much frightened when he spoke to me."

"Of him?" interrupted Mrs. Loraine, eagerly.

Geraldine raised her eyes in wonder, and answered with a promptitude that was only too significant—

"Of him! Oh, no!"

There was a silence. Geraldine's cheeks burned more than ever. Mrs. Loraine felt her heart heavier than before. Geraldine, however, broke the pause.

"Was it so strange, Mrs. Loraine, although it was long after he entered the house at Dovedale Fell that he said he fancied me a spirit, at the same time he denied that he was ever in the house?"

"You have seen him since, it appears?" advanced Mrs Loraine, a little huskily.

"Indeed, indeed—oh, indeed I have, Mrs. Loraine," she replied, meditatively, and clasped her hands almost convulsively together.

That was rather a harder blow than any Mrs. Loraine had yet received.

"Where?" she interrogated, with a kind of gasp.

"At one of the grand fashionable receptions to which my guardian, Scarsdale, took me," she answered, a little disturbed by the tone of Mrs. Loraine's voice, and the expression of her features. "I told you, if you remember, that awful old person, Lady Mary Waggleton, introduced him to me as Mr. Rokeby."

Mrs. Loraine sprang to her feet with a faint scream. Leaning over Geraldine's face, and gazing on her with glittering eyes, she ejaculated—

"Rokeby—Rokeby! Are you quite sure it was Rokeby?"

"Quite—quite sure," answered Geraldine with a terrified air, remembering the assertion of the gay old damsel, Lady Mary Waggleton, that "a Rokeby is not to be trusted." "You may understand, Mrs. Loraine," she added, with a little wavering in her speech, "I was curious to learn his name, having seen him three or four times on the banks of the Dove—quite accidentally, you know, for it was perfectly by accident that we met again at the same place where we first met, on opposite sides of the river, several mornings in succession. And then I met him twice again—by accident too. Besides, I was introduced to his papa—"

"His papa!" cried Mrs. Loraine, eagerly and breathlessly. "Tell me, my love, all; for you have kept this with a strange reticence concealed from me."

"Yes; Mr. Alvanley Rokeby," replied Geraldine.

"It is he," murmured Mrs. Loraine, strangely agitated.

"He, too, most surprisingly called me by the same name his son had previously done," rejoined Geraldine, with a marvelling expression in her exquisite eyes. "'The Flower of Hazelbrook' I think it was; but I told him I had never borne such a name, that I had never been at Hazelbrook, and he looked as if he did not credit my denial the least bit in the world."

Then she drew a deep breath, and twined her arms about Mrs. Loraine's neck, and laid her burning cheek to hers, as she added, in a low tone—

"But, oh, dear, dear Mrs. Loraine, a better reason than all why I should remember Mr. Rokeby's name—young Mr. Rokeby of course, I mean"—"darling Bertie" she thought, but did not say—"is that it was he who galloped after me when my horse ran away with me at Templecombe, swam the river to try and catch the wicked animal, and saved me—saved me, dear Mrs. Loraine from the dreadful death with which I was threatened. Do you think now, Mrs. Loraine, that I could forget his name—forget his noble, fearless kindness—or fail to extend to him him my gratitude—my very warmest gratitude?"

The last words were lost in her sobs, for she desired to say love, and she feared to say it, because she knew, or felt that she knew, a confession of love would be an admission that she was cherishing a hopeless passion.

Mrs. Loraine kissed and embraced her in a curiously passionate way, and then disengaging herself, paced the room with great agitation, muttering to herself—

"The ways of heaven are mysterious and unfathomable. Our wisdom is childish folly when pitted with it. Surely this strange coincidence points to the coming *dénouement*, when all will be explained, when the wronged shall be righted, and the disinherited have his own again."

Hastily drying her tears, and advancing to Geraldine, who had been watching her with some little perturbation, half regretful of the admissions she had not quite intentionally made, she seated herself close by her side. Taking her hand within her own, she pressed it affectionately, and in a tremulous voice, betraying how great was her inward emotion, said, with exceeding tenderness of manner—

"My beloved child—my own darlin—obargo"—the last word was evidently an abrupt correction of the word which had risen to her lips, but which she deemed it discreet not to use—"the name of Rokeby is as a talisman, a fairy's wand, which changes into golden sunbeams that which had a threatening, gloomy, sombre aspect. To say that you have come in contact with a Rokeby, even as the wildest and most unlooked-for accident, is to impart real tidings of joy—to me, at least."

How earnestly, and with what brightening eyes, Geraldine gazed upon her as she paused, with a heart too full to proceed.

"You do not know—you have never known, I have no doubt—that you are allied by ties of affinity to the Rokebys of Dovedale and Fairbolme Priors," she presently resumed.

"Who—I?" interrupted Geraldine, instantly, with childish delight.

"You, my love. Thus much I may—nay, I will tell you," she responded, with a sudden and peculiar resolution. "Though I am tacitly understood to be silent upon matters with which it is presumed I am unacquainted, I feel that the time has come when I ought to reveal to you information which has been cruelly and unjustly withheld from you. I have been placed over you as a monitress, a counsellor, a guide—to act, indeed, the part of a parent, without being able to claim that dear title, to replace the loss of one whom you never knew—whose name, I fear, you never heard."

"You allude to my mother," cried Geraldine, springing up from her chair, and falling upon her knees at the feet of Mrs. Loraine. "If you know aught of her—nay, I am sure you do know very much respecting her—I implore you to tell it to me. Consider how sad it is for me to know nothing of one who ought to be so very dear to me."

Mrs. Loraine turned her face away. Her bosom heaved and fell with sobs she in vain endeavored to suppress; but presently, by the exercise of great self-control, she recovered a degree of self-possession, and turning her face once more to her fair young charge, she said—

"It is sad for a young girl budding into womanhood to be kept in the blackest ignorance of everything respecting—even the name of her maternal parent, and that, too, unjustly. Mr. Scarsdale has, I am sure, been silent concerning her. He could hardly dare to defame her to you?" she added, in a questioning tone.

"Defame her!" echoed Geraldine, with a pained look. "He never spoke of her to me at all. It was only when I begged him to give me some information respecting her that he broke out into such wild, mad fits of fury that he terrified me so that I suffered a long time to pass before I broached the subject again. But I feel very wretched at not knowing who I am. Mrs. Loraine, if you know, I pray you to tell me. I will be very good while you are speaking, and listen, oh, so silently; and if you wish it, I will never, never betray the confidence you may repose in me."

"My sweet darling, I am under no bond, no pledged word to keep silence on this subject to you," she returned, taking both Geraldine's hands in her own; "yet discretion, the most cautious discretion, is requisite, nay, imperative, to prevent disastrous consequences following premature disclosures. Your mother has had to bear in seclusion and unbroken silence years and years of clouded misery, and it would be unwise—it would be madness—to shut out forever the gleam of sunshine now dawning upon her by immature revelations."

"She yet lives!" cried Geraldine, excitedly.

"She is as much a creature of life as I am," responded Mrs. Loraine, compressing her lips tightly, and making a desperate effort to appear composed; "and I am privileged to say that she will not cease her struggles to resume proudly once more the station in society of which she has been with fiendish malignity and by the vilest artifices deprived."

Geraldine embraced Mrs. Loraine with a passionate gesture, crying—

"How beneficent is heaven! How good to me you are. My dear, dear mother! And I shall see her, I shall fold her to my heart, as I do you, my dear Mrs. Loraine?"

"Even as you do me," she sobbed, hysterically, pressing Geraldine to her heart with intense emotion.

For a few moments neither could speak; but at length Mrs. Loraine gently forced Geraldine on to a chair, and reseated herself.

Then she said, with impressiveness—

"Although your position is shrouded in mystery, my love, have no fears for your station. You are nobly born, and the time is not far distant when it will be proclaimed throughout these broad lands. Entertain no fears either respecting the enigmatical position of your parents in reference to each other and to yourself. Be content for the present to know that your poor mother paid the penalty of repulsing with scorn the advances of a consummate villain, and became for a time a helpless victim to his atrocious machinations. Sinless, heaven knows, as yourself, my love, her fair name and reputation were blasted in the estimation of her husband, who loved her at that time, as she did him, without a deprecating thought or questioning doubt.

"He was induced to believe her false who was as true as truthfulness itself, for she was torn from him by violence, and before she could establish her entire innocence he acted with the impetuosity of a madman and the injustice of a blind partisan. Yet heaven, which permits in its supreme judgment the wicked for a time to prevail, will surely see in this sad case the injured and oppressed wife restored to her children, and reinstated in her husband's fully trusting love."

"I will humble myself before heaven, dear Mrs. Loraine, and pray with earnest heart that this joy may soon overtake her, he who discarded her, and me," responded Geraldine, with quivering lips. With singular abruptness, however, as if struck by a sudden thought, she caught Mrs. Loraine by the arm, and added, hastily, "You said children, Mrs. Loraine. Have I—"

"Hush, my love!" interposed Mrs. Loraine as quickly; "some one approaches."

There came a gentle tapping at the door, then it opened, and a maid-servant ushered in a lady and gentleman who were quite unknown to Geraldine, but not to Mrs. Loraine.

The new comers were Mrs. Rokeby and Lord Belvoir.

CHAPTER XLV.

JOYCE STOKE CLAIMS HER CHILD.

Without the shadow of a doubt the bitter, sarcastic, abasing speech of Gabrielle, as she stood at the door of the room, turning the cold glitter of her pale blue eyes upon Daisy, created an unmistakable sensation.

But it was not just the sensation she anticipated or desired.

We have all been made only too familiar with the quotation which informs us how an engineer was "hoisted with his own petard," but this image scarcely illustrated the position of Gabrielle. It was as if in order to ensure a terrific explosion she had seated herself upon a barrel of gunpowder and thrust a lighted torch in it.

Mr. Rokeby faced her while she was speaking, and heard her to the end in ominous silence.

Then he slowly turned his eyes from her countenance to the infinitely more lovely face of Daisy, and upon her fair features they rested, scrutinizing every lineament with the sharpest penetration. Gabrielle was about to add something yet more caustic, but he raised his hand repressively to her with a peremptory gesture, and as he did so he turned and bent his brilliant dark eyes full upon her.

Gabrielle saw an expression pass over his face which chilled her to the marrow, as he ejaculated, in soliloquy—

"At last I am satisfied." Then with a stern aspect, he said to her, "You recognize in this young lady one who from her childhood has borne the appellation of Mark Jarrett's Daisy?"

"I—I—do not know—the creature at all," returned Gabrielle, assuming an air of icy scorn, although her lips trembled with an undefined inward feeling of apprehension. "She forced her way into my presence."

"That is not true," interrupted Bertie, flatly.

She turned sharply to him, and her eyes gave a pale blue scintillation.

"How dare you—" she commenced.

But he again interrupted her with an austere manner, quite unusual with him.

"I recommend you to confine yourself to the truth. *I* will prove all I advance."

She turned with a scarlet flush on her cheek-bones to Mr. Rokeby, and with a simulated expression of tearful indignation she demanded—

"Uncle dear, you will not permit me to be insulted even by your nephew—only a permitted hanger-on here—for the sake of a grub, a stable-girl?"

"Silence, young woman," interposed Mr. Rokeby, with undisguised wrath, and in a tone of voice that startled her. "Let me at once—for the time has come—request you no longer to address me as your relative. Let me further desire you—for I will not now attempt to command you—in speaking to or of this young lady who bears the name of Mark Jarrett's Daisy in my hearing not to employ derogatory epithets, for two reasons. The first being that you live in a house of glass of such thin material any missile hurled by you bringing back in response one as light as a feather will shatter it; and secondly, I shall regard any humiliating observation addressed to her as a deliberate insult to me, and as such it will be resented by me."

Gabrielle felt a singing in her ears, but like—not a few—of her sex had no idea of being frowned, scolded, or menaced into silence. She therefore promptly returned—

"It is, of course, nothing to me un—sir—I beg your pardon—if you please to elect yourself the champion of a crossing-sweeper. The choice is your own, the defence of the choice is your own: but as you do not command me—and I am very glad that you do not—to accept as a young lady of title and my friend the companion of horse-jockeys and slangy, whooping boors of the hunting-field, I shall positively take no notice, unless to express my contempt and disgust, of the drab there, who acknowledged to me in a vulgar show of confidence that she was the daughter of a hedger and ditcher, stolen from the charwoman, her mother, and carried in triumph to Mark Jarrett's Grange."

"You being taken from the same hut, the same mother, and placed in the more favorable charge of Mr. Rokeby," said Daisy, turning her pale face to Gabrielle, and speaking with resolute firmness, as though the time for disguise or false assumption had gone by.

"It is false," cried Gabrielle, between her grating teeth, and drawing herself up to her full height. "I am a Luttrell."

"I beg your pardon, young woman," cried Mr. Rokeby, with contracted brows. "From whomsoever you sprung, you are *not* a Luttrell. I was grossly gulled when I received you as a Luttrell; but here at my side stands a Luttrell." He indicated Daisy as he spoke. "My eyes, my senses, do not deceive me in her, although my faculties were hoodwinked when I accepted you as the only daughter of one whom you do not in the least resemble."

"I would stake a thousand lives if I had them that Mark Jarrett's Daisy is a Luttrell, and my cousin," exclaimed Bertie, with enthusiasm.

"And I say that she is not," exclaimed Colonel Waldron, in a hectoring tone, his sallow face sallower still.

"Do you give me the lie?" demanded Bertie, striding up to him.

"I mean to prove what I say, as you just now observed," answered the colonel, pressing his thin lips together, but standing firm.

"Be temperate, Bertie," exclaimed his uncle, curbing his own fiery temper with difficulty. "We are launching into a turbulent sea as it is. There is no need to add to the fury of the tempest. Retire for a moment, and let me speak."

Addressing Colonel Waldron, he said, with a haughty and reserved manner—

"Waldron, you have been for years an admitted guest beneath my roof. Until recently you have kept your position of 'hanger-on,' as your *protegée* styles the post, and have been always sufficiently obsequious. Of late, however, you have changed your tactics: you have transformed yourself into a dangler after Gabrielle—with what object you alone know—and she believes what you have confided to her. But worse than this, you have obtruded yourself into my private affairs in a way I consider intolerable. You are not a Luttrell, you are no connection of the Luttrells, and you have no direct interest in the issue with which they are concerned."

"I beg your pardon, I have, Rokeby," rejoined Colonel Waldron, quickly.

"What?" demanded Mr. Rokeby.

"An interest which for the present, with or without your permission, I purpose retaining in my own keeping," returned Colonel Waldron, again adopting, though quietly, a hectoring tone. "At the proper time you will be made acquainted with the motives which have led me to take up the part of next friend to Miss Gabrielle Luttrell."

"Not Luttrell," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby and Bertie together.

"I say Luttrell," almost shouted Colonel Waldron; and then, raising his upper lip, which trembled uncontrollably, scornfully, he added, "Rokeby, I know Gabrielle's history from the first far better than ever you did. I have by me data, with attendant proofs of her birth, her abstraction from her unhappy and cruelly injured mother—long since in her grave—to the day, the very hour, in which she was deposited in your hands. Every event subsequently I have recorded, can confirm, and will prove, in spite of all I heard and saw at the funeral, that she is the only surviving Luttrell, and heiress to the late Earl of Templecombe."

"Bah!" exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, with a gesture of angry impatience. "That question will shortly be settled beyond the possibility of dispute. But as you deal in memoranda, gathered after the fashion of a policeman's annals, and have the chapter and verse—those, I believe, were the words used—concerning the origin and the history of this young lady called Daisy, an undoubted Luttrell."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Gabrielle, in insolent interruption.

"Spurious to the backbone!" cried the colonel, chafing.

"Be careful," cried Bertie, with a gleam of the eye. "You will be made to eat your words."

"He will have need of a quick eye, a firm hand, and an unquailing spirit who may attempt that feat," growled the colonel, savagely.

"Tush, this is the scolding of boys," interposed Mr. Rokeby. "We all have, I do not doubt, the needful amount of courage to display when it may be required of us. But, Colonel Waldron, you have been thrust upon us as one possessing all the secret information which will enable you to prove to demonstration that this young lady—Mark Jarrett's Daisy—is no Luttrell, but one whose identity you are quite prepared to establish. Do you accept that part?"

"Unquestionably, and am prepared at this moment to impart that information," he replied, breathing shortly through his nostrils.

"Do you object, my dear young lady, to hear this gentleman's statement?" asked Mr. Rokeby of Daisy, in a tone which she readily interpreted as conveying his scornful disbelief of the colonel's assertions.

"I have suffered too keenly to fear any revelation that can be made respecting me, sir," she returned, in a plaintive voice, in spite of her efforts to render it firm and decided. "I have always been a mysterious person even to myself, and though it may wound my pride to learn that I am very meanly descended, it cannot bring me shame, for none have I deserved."

"To be poor is not to be shameful, any more than to be high-born is to be honorable, in the proper acceptation of the word," intervened Mr. Rokeby, warmly.

"I confess," resumed Daisy, with a kind of weary resignation, "that I do not really know who I am. I have heard several stories of a contradictory character, and I shall be, at least, satisfied if my origin be proved, although it declares me to be the child of an humble hedger and ditcher."

Bertie made an extravagant gesture, and there sprang some moisture into Mr. Rokeby's eyes, as with genuine sympathy, he muttered—

"Poor child!"

Then he addressed Colonel Waldron in the imperial style he could adopt when it suited him.

"Now, colonel, for your story," he said, coldly.

The colonel pressed his lips together, and breathed through his nostrils for a moment. Then he commenced—

"You have not forgotten, Rokeby, that at Templecombe Priory during the efforts to obtain the reading of the dead earl's will a woman suddenly obtruded herself among us?"

"Joyce Stoke, the daughter of old Martin Stoke, formerly a servant of the earl's. I remember it very well," rejoined Mr. Rokeby, promptly, but with a wonderful gleam lighting up his eyes.

Daisy started at the name, and turned her face hastily to the colonel, and as it flashed upon him he started too, and an exclamation escaped his lips. For a moment his cheek flushed and he seemed confused.

"Go on," added Mr. Rokeby, impatiently. "We are wasting time. What of Joyce Stoke?"

"You remember what she said?" resumed the colonel, in a significant tone.

"I do, perfectly," replied Mr. Rokeby, in a caustic voice, and with a peculiarly significant smile. "She said that she stole Gabrielle, and that *you* could prove it. When asked her address, she referred to you, remarking that you stood like a beaten hound."

Gabrielle's face assumed a deathly tint, and her blood seemed to be converted to ice. It looked to her like hideous confirmation of the story of Titus Vink.

"Shall I repeat more that she has said?" pursued Mr. Rokeby, as if he had a hidden meaning.

Colonel Waldron bit his nether lip, and rejoined—

"The coarse remarks of a vulgar gypsy it is scarcely necessary to import into the matter. I alluded only to what she confessed."

"It amounted only to assertion, as it related to Gabrielle, and it had no reference whatever to the young lady at my side," retorted Mr. Rokeby, emphatically.

"Just so," rejoined Colonel Waldron, speaking with a slow, deliberate, and spiteful emphasis. "My object in recalling that woman to your memory was to enable me, without circumlocutory description, to introduce to you the MOTHER of the 'young lady' at your side—Mark Jarrett's Daisy. The name of her father— Well, I fancy Mark Jarrett himself will be the person best able to furnish it."

It was not without difficulty, quickness, and a great exertion of strength that Mr. Rokeby prevented Bertie dashing his hand in the colonel's face. He forced him back, and cried, appealingly—

"For my sake, Bertie, preserve your temper for a few minutes. The colonel has committed himself to a statement, and he must substantiate it, or meet the consequences due to a vile lie."

It might have been supposed that poor Daisy would have cowered, and trembled, and shrank back with horror and shame.

She did nothing of the kind. Her cheeks glowed like two damask roses, and her eyes glistened like two resplendent stars. She advanced a pace or two to the colonel, and looking him steadfastly in the eyes, she said, in a clear, firm voice—

"You are stating what you know to be a deliberate, mean, wicked, and infamous calumny. You are a coward, and no gentleman."

The colonel made a contemptuous gesture with his hand; but there was an uneasy, shifting, dastardly expression on his features.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Gabrielle, with a little shudder, backing towards the door. "How the horrid creature vituperates! One cannot, at least, be forced to submit to this pollution. I shall retire."

"And I," concurred the colonel, with a forced laugh. "I believe I have said enough to settle this disagreeable subject forever."

"By no means," exclaimed Mr. Rokeby, interposing himself between them and the door. "You will stay here a short time longer. You have said too much or too little. We will at least determine the truth of what you have said without loss of time. Bertie, I rely upon you to keep this door closed until my return. I, too, have some evidence at hand, which I think is of the greatest importance to produce at once."

With that he departed swiftly from the room. Bertie promptly closed the door, and placed his back against it.

Gabrielle advanced to him, and placed her hand upon his arm, saying, in the coaxing voice in which young mothers address their first-born in their engaging age—

"Let me go, pet Bertie. You can bear crusty old uncle's scolding, and I cannot. Let me out of this wretched cage."

"Unhand me, woman," he exclaimed, as he flung her hand off with a passionate gesture of loathing. "I know you, and, mark me, do not force me to speak."

"You cub!" she ejaculated, clenching her hands, and showing her teeth viciously.

But she fell back.

The colonel advanced, and in a military, dictatorial fashion, he said, twisting his moustache—

"Open the door! I object to remain!"

"Object!" exclaimed Bertie, laconically.

"But I will go out!" exclaimed the colonel, with a fierce demeanor and a stamp of the foot.

"If you do before my uncle's return it shall be out of the window," cried Bertie, with a scarlet band on his brow; "and, by the sky above me, I will fling you out, you cur of the worst breed!"

A knocking on the outer panel of the door interrupted further observations, and Bertie throwing open the door, Mr. Rokeby appeared, leading in Joyce Stoke.

"Surprise for surprise," he exclaimed, with a strange laugh. "The colonel furnished us with one; allow me to present you with a second. Gabrielle, you see before you a colonel's lady—Mrs. Colonel Waldron!"

A faint scream burst from the lips of Gabrielle. Like words of fire, the words of Titus Vink again presented themselves to her brain—

"Village girl spoiled by her beauty; young soldier beguiles her by false marriage; soldier, named WALDRON, deserts her and her little BABY GIRL."

If ever she felt nigh to swooning it was now. She turned her eyes, looking like polished steel, on Joyce Stoke, and recognized traces of a singular beauty. She held her breath to listen to what was to follow,

although she felt as if smitten by a sudden deafness.

She had a hazy perception that Colonel Waldron poured out a furious torrent of invectives, in which he accused the woman before him claiming to be his wife of all the wickedness human nature could be capable, lying being the smallest of her evil accomplishments; and she noticed, also, that Mr. Rokeby and Bertie listened to him in contemptuous silence, and that Daisy looked on as if she was in possession of confirmatory facts.

Her heart was like lead, dead, cold lead, and refused to beat. The disclosure which was to crush her seemed to be coming in earnest now. She held firmly by a table, yet knew not how she supported herself.

At length the passionate burst of vituperation from the lips of Colonel Waldron ceased, and Mr. Rokeby, with far more calmness that might have been expected of him, said to the colonel, coldly and sternly—

"Do you refuse to acknowledge this person known as Joyce Stoke as your wife, Waldron?"

"It is a hideous lie!" he half screeched.

"You contemptible reptile, you disgrace to the scarlet, and shame to the flag you bore when I first knew you," cried Joyce Stoke, with a curling lip. "Much as I despise you, you abject rascal, you are my husband, and you know it."

"Wretch! I'll murder you!" he cried, springing furiously at her.

Bertie Rokeby caught him by the collar and flung him back.

"Keep your place, man," he cried, with a determined air. "At least, here you shall not air your unmanly nature."

"But will you believe that woman's word in preference to mine?" he cried, foaming at the mouth.

"I believe these," returned Mr. Rokeby, holding up a packet of letters. "Some of them are addressed to 'Pretty Joyce,' some to 'My dear little wifey'—are all signed 'Charles Elvas Waldron.' I have had these letters a short time in my possession, I have compared them with others sent to me by you, and signed also 'Charles Elvas Waldron.' I have no hesitation in saying that they are all in the same handwriting, and all written by you, Colonel Waldron. I have also another document, to which I will refer presently. We will, however, at once revert to the matter on which this ill-used lady—for as a colonel's wife she is a lady—can give us positive evidence." He turned to Joyce Stoke, and said, "Do you know that young maiden?" indicating Daisy with a wave of his hand.

"Perfectly well," she answered promptly. "Thousands know Mark Jarrett's Daisy, and I ought to know her."

"Why?" inquired Mr. Rokeby, with rapid eagerness.

"I have known her since she was a little girl," she replied, brushing a tear away with the back of her hand, "a bright, lovely child. I have known her in her beaming girlhood. I know her as you see her now. Although others who should have been kind to me treated me coldly, she had always a tender word, a bright smile, and some gift to proffer me. Know her! Ay, I do, and love and reverence her, as hundreds do."

Mr. Rokeby smiled graciously, and Bertie felt like hugging her.

"Colonel Waldron has told us that she is your child. Is it so?" asked Mr. Rokeby, in a grave, solemn, earnest tone.

"You dare not deny it, woman," cried Gabrielle, in a half-frenzied, insane, and menacing way.

Joyce Stoke looked sternly at her, and folding her arms, said—

"Colonel Waldron is a scoundrel, and a cold-blooded liar. Mark Jarrett's Daisy is not my daughter—and his—but YOU ARE!"

With a piercing shriek Gabrielle placed her fingers in her ears, and fled like a lapwing from the room to her "nest."

She locked all the doors, and gave way to a frantic paroxysm of rage, agony, and despair.

After a time she made great efforts to recover a little composure, and when she succeeded she sat down and penned the following letter, which, as soon as she had finished, she despatched by a trustworthy messenger.

"DEAR, DEAR, DARLING MARSTON,—I have decided at *last* to be *yours*—yours, whom I so *love*, you pet you. My position here is *positively* unendurable. Knowing that I am the *only* heiress to the Templecombe property, the fawning and slavering of the whole family is *sickening*. Uncle insists upon my marrying Wil *at once*. I will *die* rather. I will meet you with my maid at half-past ten to-morrow morning at the corner of Hanover Square, near St. George's Church. Be prepared with *license* and everything, and I will give you *all* I possess in the world. But dear, dear Marston, pray be kind and *good* to me after the dreadful knot is *tied*. Thine, with extreme love, GABRIELLE."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE TRIAL OF STOKES IN NEW YORK.

The jury in the Stokes case came into court on the morning of July 15 and reported their inability to agree on a verdict. The court, therefore, ordered them to be discharged. The scene, for a while, was quite exciting. The prisoner's friends, in great numbers, thronged around him and shook hands with him, while his old, gray-headed father was overcome with emotion, and cried like a child. Stokes himself was apparently but little excited, though pale and nervous. He is now remanded to jail to await a second trial.

It is understood that on Saturday evening when the jury first retired to deliberate, a ballot was taken, which resulted in seven for murder in the first degree, three for acquittal and two for manslaughter in the third degree. The names of the seven for murder are Myer Hamberger, Bennett Williams, Nephiah McCornish, Byrone Howe, John E. T. Bond, Peter E. Hopkins, and W. A. Leffets. The jurors for acquittal were Roderick Hogan, W. H. Thompson, and John Tucker, and the two for manslaughter in the third degree were Theodore Fiaumme and Henry C. Whettle.

This state of affairs remained until the jury came into court and got Colonel Fisk's clothes. The clothes were all tried on one of the jurors, and they arrived at the conclusion that Fisk had both his hands enveloped in his military cape at the time Stokes fired, and consequently that the theory of Fisk drawing a pistol was a humbug. This influenced the three for acquittal to veer round for manslaughter in the third degree. The medical testimony was thrown out altogether, all believing the wound mortal from the first, and the question of insanity was barely referred to.

There was a long discussion as to the premeditation. All the jurors were of opinion that Stokes never went to the Grand Central with the premeditated design of meeting and killing Fisk. The seven jurors who were for murder believe that when Stokes met Fisk on the stairs, in a moment he formed in his mind the design of killing Fisk, and that this second was sufficient time for premeditation. The five jurors stoutly maintained that Stokes pulled out the pistol in the heat of passion, being stirred to frenzy by the sight of Fisk, and that his crime was only manslaughter in the third degree.

The debate on this point became quite exciting, and some harsh words were used on both sides. Time and again a poll was taken, but all to no purpose, and at last the jurors fell asleep, but awoke up in precisely the same state of mind. Finally they gave up the dispute, seeing there was no hope of altering their opinions. It is the opinion of several of the jurors that if they were allowed to bring in a verdict of murder in the second degree, or manslaughter in one of the higher degrees, they would have arrived at a verdict; but this was not allowed them, as the Judge charged them that they should either find a verdict of murder in the first degree, manslaughter in the third degree, or acquittal.

The result was the subject of animated conversation all the afternoon, public opinion deciding as to the right and wrong of it. Some think the prisoner will soon be released on bail, but in the present state of the public mind on the subject it is hardly probable. The prosecution, it is understood, will endeavour to change the venue of the next trial to some of the up river towns.

The Philadelphia Ledger says of the Stokes verdict: The ways of New York courts and juries are past finding out by the exercise of ordinary powers of observation. Stokes, who shot Fisk, is not convicted of any grade of homicide, but has just the next thing to an acquittal, in the "disagreement of the jury." This result was expected by nearly every one who kept informed of the proceedings in Court. The ease with which the counsel for the defence succeeded in staving off the trial for several months; the utterly absurd manner in which perfectly qualified, intelligent men were prevented from serving on the jury; the extraordinary latitude allowed to counsel, together with the disgraceful personal altercations to which it led, and a great many other similar circumstances, prepared the public mind for any final absurd result, anywhere from a "hung jury" to a verdict of acquittal. Impartial observers of the whole series of events from the shooting of Fisk to the termination of the Court proceedings have not changed their opinion that the killing of Fisk, bad a man as he might have been, was a deliberate and cowardly assassination. But if the result of this farce of a trial is to be accepted as authority in this case, there are but two facts that are at all sure, viz: That Fisk is dead, and that Stokes is not likely to be convicted or punished for his agency in causing the death.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF SPAIN.

MADRID, July 19.—An attempt was made upon the life of King Amadeus at midnight last night, the announcement of which this morning has thrown the city into a tremendous state of excitement. His Majesty and the Queen were entering the palace about 12 o'clock, when suddenly a shot was fired by some hidden assassins at the person of the King, but which fortunately missed and failed of its effect.

Search was immediately made by the guards attendant upon His Majesty, and the assassins were discovered lurking near the palace entrance. They were fired upon by the guards, and one of their number was instantly killed, and another was overtaken in his flight and arrested. The would-be murderers were armed with revolvers. It is believed this desperate attempt upon the life of the King is the result of a deep laid conspiracy, having for its object the overthrow of the Government.

It is even suspected that certain prominent politicians are implicated in the affair, and during the prevailing agitation the wildest rumors are current. The Government has intimated its determination to trace out the perpetrators of the outrage who escaped last night, aided by darkness, and nothing will be left undone, to bring them to justice.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN TREATY.

The Franco-German Treaty just negotiated, while extending the periods for the payment of the war indemnity, has added several conditions which will bear heavily upon the present belligerent spirit of the French nation. From an abstract published in the foreign papers it appears that two months after the ratification of the new treaty the sum of one hundred millions of dollars is to be paid, and that fifteen days after such payment the departments of the Marne are to be evacuated. On March 1, 1873, another hundred millions of dollars are to be paid, but such payment is not to be followed by any evacuation. On March 1, 1874, two hundred millions of dollars are to be paid, and the departments of the Ardennes and the Vosges are to be evacuated by the Germans. On March 1st, 1875, the remaining two hundred millions of dollars, with the accrued interest, are to be paid, and then the departments of the Meurthe and of the Meuse are to be evacuated and the fortress of Belfort is to be given up.

Germany reserves the right to retain in the non-evacuated departments the entire occupying force as now constituted, and the expenses to be paid by France for the maintenance of the army of occupation are not to be diminished, unless the strength of the German army is actually reduced. No greater force can be kept up by France in the liberated districts than is necessary to maintain order, and no fortifications can be constructed, enlarged or repaired until after March 1st, 1875. After the payment of four hundred millions of dollars, France may, by a fresh treaty, substitute other financial guarantees, instead of the possession by the Germans of the remaining departments. In view of these harsh terms, well might President Thiers exclaim, in the very recent debate in the French Assembly on the bill for raising heavy taxes to provide for this indemnity, "The cup is bitter, but it must be drained without flinching to the very dregs."

ITEMS.

It is said that a party of ladies and gentlemen, while bathing at Coney Island on Monday, were robbed of nearly $8000 worth of jewelry, money and bonds.

A preliminary investigation of the management of the St. Louis House of Refuge has shown that the charges of cruelty were true. Boys in that institution have been "cruelly whipped," confined in dark cells on bread and water, forced to stand bareheaded and barefooted under the midday sun upon a post "about six inches square upon the top," and subject to other harsh treatment.

The London Times of July 17, commenting upon the issue of the trial of Edward S. Stokes, says: "At the bottom of what we call this miscarriage of justice, is that indifference that Americans feel for violent crimes in which both murderer and victim are rowdies."

Unusual heat prevails in all quarters of the world, and in this respect the season seems exceptional. In India, according to recent accounts, the thermometer has reached 116° F. in the shade at Hyderabad, where many deaths from the heat have occurred among the soldiers. In the province of the Deccan the wells were fast drying up, the cattle were dying, and a general water famine was threatened.

SPORTING NEWS.

At the Saratoga races, July 16, the race of two and a half miles for the Saratoga cup, was won by "Harry Bassett," beating "Longfellow." Time, 3-59. Longfellow was seriously injured in the race. A correspondent writing from Saratoga says: I have just returned from the stable of John Harper, and have seen the broken-down horse, Longfellow, and gathered all the facts possible about his defeat. Harper told me that as his horse wheeled to start in the race he struck his foreleg with the hind one on the heel and grabbed the plate, which, he says, nearly threw Longfellow down, but seeing him run on rapidly afterwards without showing any sign of injury, he supposed that nothing material had occurred.

When the horse stopped at the end of the test he was very lame and came near falling at every step as he hobbled to the stable, where it was discovered that his plate was doubled up under his foot and that his ankle was sprained and the back sinew broken. The horse had the mark of the hind foot on his quarter at the heel an inch and a half in length—enough to have cut half of the heel off—and the ankle was swollen to an immense size. Longfellow would not put his foot to the ground, but held it up as if in great misery, the muscles of the forearm being in constant agitation. The horse, in the opinion of horsemen, is irretrievably ruined as a race horse, and will never again be able to contend on the turf.

Another correspondent writes: It will be many years before another such contest is witnessed again but it is a mournful duty for us to record the breaking down of the grand Longfellow. The description of the accident is given above, and it will be seen from the facts that Leamington's son, though defeated, is crowned with laurels. Poor Longfellow in his stable this evening presents a picture of misery. There is a complete circle cut from the centre of his hoof extending round the coronet ring to his heel. His middle tendon to-night is three times the natural size. It appears that he broke a shoe-plate on one of the hind legs at the half-mile pole, when he was lapping Bassett, and cut the fore foot with it as above described. But notwithstanding the disaster, this noble horse ran to the end, and was only beaten by a length, in the fastest time on record by two-and-half seconds. No doubt exists in the minds of experienced turfmen that he is completely broken down, and will never appear in public again. Uncle Harper is completely overcome, and walks about with sorrowful looks. It is to be regretted that the question of superiority has not been decided, for Longfellow, to-night, is as much, if not more, a hero than Bassett.

BASE BALL.

MUTUAL VS. ATHLETIC.

At Williamsburg, July 13, the Mutual defeated the Athletic by a score of 8 to 0.

MY HEROINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY P. W. MORRIS.

She made a very pretty picture as she stood there in the orchard, beneath the shade of an apple tree, Margaret Graeme! She was as fresh and fair and sweet as the flowers that grew in the meadow on the other side of the road, across from where she was standing. The twenty years of her life had been to her only those of innocence and joy and peace, so that she was a merry, happy girl.

Margaret was the daughter of Squire Graeme, whose rambling but comfortable farm-house was half concealed by trees, a quarter of a mile down the road. He was a farmer, a plain and honest man, who had never had any desire to be anything else than what he was.

Margaret was standing there in the orchard bareheaded, having thrown her bonnet down at her feet. Indeed she was pretty! Her hair was golden; her forehead white; her eyes were brown and sparkling; her cheeks had a delicate color in them, that seemed ever ready to depart, yet ever remained; her lips were like crimson berries, and her teeth gleamed through them when she smiled like pearls. You perceive that there are not many faces as sweet as hers.

The scene upon which the girl looked was a calm and peaceful one. She had stood there a thousand times and viewed it, yet it always seemed beautiful. The orchard was on a hillside that sloped gently back from the road. It was a meadow, too, as well as orchard, and having just been freshly mown, the perfume of a thousand crushed flowers was carried to Margaret's senses by the summer breeze. Just in front of her the hard road stretched away, and a half mile distant a river wound along, shining like silver beneath the rays of the sun. Many an orchard and meadow and field could be seen, with here and there the residences of the owners of the lands. Across the river stood a quiet little town, and back of that great hills were outlined against the blue skies.

Margaret was standing admiring all this, when she heard coming along the road from the direction opposite to her father's house the clatter of a horse's hoofs. In a short time the horse with its rider came into view. That rider Margaret knew instantly was a young man. He had almost passed her before he beheld her; but noticing her there, he reined in his horse and addressed her.

"Does a gentleman by the name of Graeme reside near here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Margaret replied; "the next house is his."

"Thank you," the gentleman said.

He scrutinized her face a little closely for an instant and then rode away. Margaret's thoughts returned to the scene spread out before her. For some time longer she remained where she was, and then wended her way homeward by a path that led through the orchard. Reaching the house, she ascended the steps that led up to the long, vine-covered porch in front of it. She paused there a moment before entering.

"Well, Margaret!" said a voice.

She turned and beheld her father. He had spoken to her. But he was not alone, for by his side was seated the young gentleman who had passed along the road by her as she stood in the orchard.

"Mr. Maynard," her father said, rising to his feet, "this is my daughter Margaret."

Margaret bowed, and Mr. Maynard rose, murmuring her name, and that he was very glad to make her acquaintance.

"Mr. Maynard has come to the neighborhood on business, and will remain with us for several days," Mr. Graeme uttered by way of explanation.

Then Margaret left them, and they resumed their conversation in reference to business matters.

At supper Margaret met Mr. Maynard again. The meal passed off pleasantly, and the acquaintanceship of the two progressed considerably. Frank Maynard was a gentleman in manners and education, and knew very well how to make himself agreeable.

After he retired to rest that night a fair face, that of Margaret Graeme, floated across his dreams. He told himself, too, that she was as sweet and pretty a creature as he had ever beheld.

A few days passed. Frank Maynard attended to his business, but at the same time contrived to see Margaret frequently. Once or twice he walked with her through the orchard, and oftener sat in the parlor, while she played for him, sometimes accompanying her playing with his voice. Margaret was the daughter of a farmer; but, it may as well be stated, had received an education out of which accomplishments were not by any means left.

The time came when Mr. Maynard's business was all attended to. But he still lingered. What kept him? Perhaps you can guess.

Yes, Margaret was the cause of his remaining. The girl's beauty and sweetness had touched his heart in a manner that he could not avoid feeling. It was for the sake of being near her, he acknowledged to himself, that he was staying.

But these doubly pleasant summer days could not last forever. The end of a month of his stay at Mr. Graeme's came, and he saw that he could not remain much longer.

Then there was a struggle in Frank Maynard's heart. That struggle was because he wanted Margaret Graeme for his own, and because some obstacles lay in the way of his having her as such. It is to be understood that the question of her loving or not loving him, was not the one that he was considering just then. *He* was the member of a proud and wealthy family, and he knew that his haughty relatives would oppose his wedding the daughter of a simple farmer. Could he brave their anger for the sake of Margaret's love?

He announced that he was going away. He fixed the time at which he would go. And the battle still went on in his heart.

On the evening before the day on which he was to leave, he and Margaret took a ramble through the orchard. From place to place they went, till at length they stood at the spot from which Margaret had first beheld him. They had been conversing lightly, but now they stood for a few moments in silence. It was an afternoon as glorious as that first one had been. The scene was just as brightly beautiful as it had been on that day when Frank Maynard rode along the road.

"Do you remember that first day you saw me?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, I remember," the girl returned.

Then there was silence again. There was something in the young man's heart that was struggling up for utterance.

"Are you sorry that I am going away to-morrow?" he said.

"I am always sorry to part with my friends, Mr. Maynard," Margaret replied.

Margaret was calm enough. Perhaps her heart was beating more rapidly than usual. At any rate she betrayed nothing of agitation.

"I suppose that I am only a summer friend, and that I will be forgotten when the summer is past," Maynard said more coldly than was necessary.

"Why, Mr. Maynard!" Margaret cried; "what causes you to speak so?"

That which he had been holding back rose up for victory.

"Your coldness maddens me," he exclaimed. "You are, seemingly, not sorry to part with me, while I am in despair at the idea of our separation. Margaret, I love you. I cannot leave you until I have my fate decided."

It was now the girl's turn to be agitated. She *did* love Frank Maynard, and though she had never betrayed it by any sign, still a great fear had been hers—the fear that he might not love her. Of course such a girl as Margaret would not betray any love until it was eminently proper to do so. *His* going away had weighed heavily upon her heart, but she had seemed to take it so cooly that it was enough to cause him to think her indifferent.

"Oh, Margaret," he continued, "can you bid me hope."

He was standing by her side. She turned her face towards him.

"Yes you can hope, more than hope," she murmured, tears moistening her eyes, a quiver in her voice.

"And you love me!" Margaret said.

"Yes, I love you."

And so it came about that when they two returned to the house, they were betrothed.

Frank Maynard left Margaret the next day, telling that ere long he should return and claim her for his wife.

Margaret's heart was very light, for was not the world very bright for her! She loved! She was loved! Oh, sweet, sweet words, which though so simple, told such a wondrous story!

* * * * * * *

The girl was seated on the sofa. Maynard had been pacing back and forth before her. They had been apart for three months, and just a few minutes before had met. At first Margaret, in her joy, had noticed nothing peculiar in her lover, but now it seemed that there was something strange in his manner. His face was white, and he kept throwing his hands about nervously.

"Frank, are you unwell?" the girl asked, when he had paced back and forth before her a dozen times.

"No," he answered. Then he stopped before her.

"Margaret, you know I love you?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes, I know it," Margaret answered, with a smile. But a vague uneasiness sank down upon her heart.

"And you trust me?"

"Indeed I do."

"Margaret, my love, I shall speak plainly," Maynard continued, hurriedly. "I have told my relatives of my love for you, and—"

Maynard stopped.

"Go on," Margaret said.

"They violently oppose my wedding you. Oh, Margaret, what shall we do?"

"Have you told me all?" Margaret asked.

"I have stated the fact, only. My father even goes so far as to say that he will cast me off—disinherit me, if I do not comply with his wishes and give you up."

Margaret's lips had set firmly. She now rose to her feet.

"I am sure," she said, "that I do not desire to become an unwelcome member of any family."

Her eyes met Frank Maynard's. There had been some fire in them, but the next instant she broke down, and the fire was quenched with tears.

"Oh, Frank, I love you," she cried.

He caught her in his arms, and kissed away her tears.

"Margaret, my love, my love, I cannot give you up," he murmured, softly. "My darling, will you flee with me?"

Would she flee with him? *She loved him.* How could she refuse what he asked, when she loved him.

"Dear Frank," she uttered, "if you want me to be your wife in spite of your relatives I have not the power to refuse. If you will risk their anger for my sake, I will be your wife. But we need not flee, for we can be married here."

The man's face flushed. "Darling, you misunderstand me," he said, in the same low tones that he had been using. "I dare not risk their anger. But if you will go with me to the city I will love you just as well as if you were my wife. Will you go?"

Not before had the girl seen the deadly poison that was concealed beneath his honied words. But she was comprehending now. She struggled free from his embrace, and stood up before him.

"Then I will not be your wife," she uttered with a calmness that astonished herself.

"No," Maynard faltered.

Margaret Graeme's face crimsoned. Then every particle of color departed from it, till it was white as death. If there were any tears in her eyes, they were drank up by the fire there. Maynard shrank away from before her, for she was the very picture of righteous indignation. She lifted her hand toward the door."

"Go, go!" she cried, "quick before I shall call some one to throw you from the house. Go, and never let me look upon you again!"

"But, Margaret," he commenced, pleadingly.

"Not a word," Margaret continued. "I will not listen to a word from you. I should hate myself if I did. Go, I say for the last time."

And he went.

Then Margaret sank back upon the sofa, and sat there for a long time with her hands folded upon her lap. A stony calmness was hers.

But that could not last always. Directly a sob shook her. Then another and another, till at last she bowed her head and a rain of tears flowed from her eyes.

Poor Margaret! The sweetest, brightest hopes of her life had faded. The keenest agony that could ever be hers was upon her. Poor Margaret! her pain was as great as her love had been pure, her faith strong.

My dear reader, a word about Frank Maynard. Not in his defence is it, for he is not worthy of it. But I don't wish you to think that he was a wild, dissipated wretch. He was not. He was known among his friends as a genial, companionable, pleasant sort of a fellow. I know not how much of a struggle there had been in his heart before his evil genius got possession of him, and compelled him to harbor that terribly wicked plan of his.

Well, that awakening did not kill Margaret. For awhile her cheek was pale and her step slow. But as the weeks and months passed, the pain at her heart lost its keenness. At last the bloom came back to her cheeks and her step was as elastic and light as ever.

A year fled away. One afternoon she was in the orchard, when along the road, just as he had come the first time, came Frank Maynard. He saw her, and dismounting from his horse he entered through a gate and came to her side. To her surprise she felt no rising anger.

"Miss Graeme—Margaret," he said, "I have come to ask your forgiveness. Will you grant it?"

There was a world of eagerness in his face, and manner, and tone.

"Yes, I grant it," she said quietly. "Will you come to the house?"

"Thank you, not just now; not unless—" He stopped. She said nothing, but waited for him to proceed.

"O Margaret," he cried, "I love you still, madly, and I want you to be my wife. You have forgiven the past. Tell me—"

"Your father might disinherit you," she interrupted, with a touch of scorn in her tone.

"My father is dead, and I am now a wealthy man in my own right. O Margaret, I ask you to love me once more. For the sake of your love, I will humiliate myself to the dust. Can you love me again?"

"Mr. Maynard," the girl said, without a tremor in her voice, "you know I loved you once. But my love died on a day that you certainly have not forgotten. It will never come to life again. I forgive you fully, but I can never speak any warmer words to you."

"Is there no hope?"

"None."

He saw there was not. Turning, he walked slowly out of the orchard, with the western sun's glories shining over him. He mounted his horse and waved an adieu to her with his hand. Then there was the clatter of his horse's hoofs, and an instant later he had vanished from her sight.

I am almost done. Margaret's love was strong, but her life now goes on calmly and happily without Frank Maynard.

My heroine! Would that there were more like her—more as strong as she! If there were, how much of sin and shame and sorrow would *never* be written that otherwise goes down on the great record of human lives!

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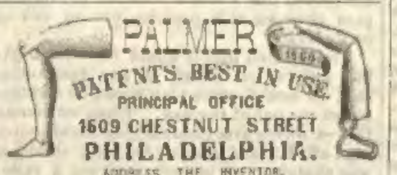

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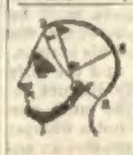

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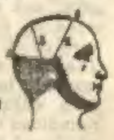

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A DEMENTED OLD IDIOT.

A certain organist in this city went into a music store the other day, and when one of the youths who act as salesmen appeared, the following conversation ensued:—

Organist—I want to get Martini's Ecole d' Orgue.

Salesman (looking half mad and half scared, and staring at the visitor for a minute or two in utter bewilderment)—Wh-wh-wh-what d'you say?

Organist—I say I want you to give me Martini's Ecole d' Orgue; and I want it quick too.

Salesman (still nervous, and yet looking as if he thought there must be a joke about it somewhere)—Just ask for that again, will you, please? I don't exactly get the hang, as it were, of—

Organist (angrily)—I called to get Martini's Ecole d' Orgue. I see it advertised, and I want it. Now, have you got that Ecole d' Orgue or not? If you have, run it out, for I'm in a hurry.

Salesman—You must take me for a fool, don't you? This is no sausage shop. This is a music store. What do you suppose we know about Martini's cold dog, or his hot dog, or his lukewarm dog, or any other dog belonging to any other man? You must be crazy. We don't deal in dogs. Martini never left his dog around here anywhere. Why, you talk like a—(suddenly calling to his fellow clerk)—I say John here's a demented old idiot in here wanting to buy some kind of an Italian cold dog. Send for a policeman. He's mad.

The organist then left. There ought to be more attention paid to instruction in the French language in the schools of this country—that's certain.

A MAN WHO TAKES HIS MEDICINE REGULARLY.

BY MAX ADELER.

A sick man in Harrisburg was ordered by his physician to take three ounces of brandy a day. In order to be mathematically correct in measuring his doses, the invalid turned to the arithmetic and ascertained that sixteen drachms make an ounce. By simply multiplying three by sixteen he arrived at the figures forty-eight as the precise number of drams to be taken. He therefore began to wrestle with two large drinks every hour; and he has been in a state of horrible intoxication ever since. His friends think that either the doctor made a mistake or the arithmetic is somehow wrong. The invalid has been heard to murmur something about the influence of the Gulf Stream; but those who are familiar with the phenomena of that body of water affirm that the Gulf Stream exercises no demoralizing influence over the table of wine-and-beer measure, and has no bearing upon drinks generally.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

HOW LONG A MAN CAN HANG.

"Doctor," exclaimed a waggish Son of Temperance to a well-known doctor, who was hurriedly passing out of the post-office, "doctor, how long will it take hanging to produce death?"

"Twenty, or at most thirty minutes," replied the doctor, pausing; "but why do you ask?"

"O, because last night I saw a man hanging for two mortal hours, and he is not dead yet."

"You did!" exclaimed the doctor, emphatically. "I haven't heard a word of this yet. "Where was the man hanging?"

"He was hanging around an ale shop on North street," replied the wag.

The doctor gave utterance to something that sounded very much like a blasphemous expression, and passed on.

AN UNFORTUNATE EDITOR.

The unfortunate junior editor of the Peoria Review suffers from the rashness of his senior, as will be seen by the following:—A country newspaper that has nothing to say of "Dolly Varden." For about two months now this unfortunate female has monopolized the attention of the public. Even Mrs. Woodhull has had to take a back seat. Any person exhibiting a copy of a sheet that has resisted the prevailing distemper will be liberally rewarded. The above appeared in the Review some days since, and was the unhappy thought of the senior editor. And now the senior has gone off bushwhacking around the country, and here comes the Pontaic Sentinel to us, containing the above "ad," with the following addition: "I am your huckleberry. Please remit. Kellog." We will say to brother Kellog that the consciousness of his own inflexible virtue must be his reward. And we expect that hundreds of papers will come to us similarly marked, while we are alone. And we say further, that if the management and senior editors of the paper get us into any more such scrapes as this, we shall tear off our page and start a little paper of our own.

OLDER THAN HIS MOTHER.

In the Paris Court of Correctional Police recently, a lady, by no means young, advanced coquettishly to the witness-stand to give her testimony.

"What is your name?"

"Virginie Loustatot."

"What is your age?"

"Twenty-five." (Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.)

The lady's evidence being taken she regained her place, still coquettishly bridling; and the next witness was introduced. This one was a full-grown young man.

"Your name?" said the judge.

"Isadore Loustatot."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven years."

"Are you a relative of the last witness?"

"I am her son."

"Ah, well," murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young."

A BELATED PARSON.

Western Pennsylvania has a clergyman named Talbot. On one occasion he had come into church late, after a long journey, and was spattered with mud from head to foot. A huge pair of raw-hide boots, size about fifteen, covered with a coating of "moistened dust," were painfully conspicuous. His congregation was too good-natured or too respectful to look at his appearance, and no remark was made until he stood up at a small deal table, which was bare of all covering, to preach his sermon. The table was without cloth, and the dirty raw-hide boots were singularly distinct objects when compared with the neat surroundings of the altar. Yet not a whisper was heard until the reverend gentleman announced his text: "How beautiful are the feet of those who stand at the gates of Zion." For a moment there was only a suppressed titter; then, all at once, the whole congregation burst into a roar.

Not long ago two boys were loafing around one of the travelling minstrel ha ls in Quincy, Ill., trying to get in. At last one of them went up to the doorkeeper, and by signs, made him believe he was deaf and dumb, so the doorkeeper let him go in. The other, seeing the success of his partner, went up and made the same signs. "What!" says the doorkeeper, "are you deaf and dumb too?" "Yes," said the forgetful lad. Then, as he received a taste of sole-leather, he remembered his part.

☞ A Chinaman in San Francisco, who has given himself up as the murderer of Sun Loy happens to be named Ah Hung. "And I do not deny, in regard to the same, what that name might imply."

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 28.

DOBBS, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Got a sort of letter from C. O. P. Harney, reading thus:

"Curious case hereabouts. Fellow hanging round several days—seemed partially insane—looked after him somewhat. Questioned him—city did; came to conclusion that he was a common vagrant, with no means of support. Seemed to grow more wild and singular in appearance. City got nervous about him, took him to insane asylum.

"Tarried three days, then, in common parlance, 'cut stick.' Evaded keepers; was going to run away; did not get started right; ran into B. T. Barclay's jewelry shop and filled his breeches pockets with gold watches. Light-headed, you know, and needed ballast.

"Nice cheat. City sold. Last trace lost heading your way. Look sharp. If you fall in with Dobbs—new physician coming up from Kennebunk to take charge of the asylum—give him a word of caution to look sharp.

"Fellow of medium height, somewhat peculiar in appearance. Up to any dodge, &c., &c. C. O. P. HARNEY."

This was in the primal days of my detectiveness, when I imagined that but a few lucky hits would elevate me into wearing before my name the C. O. P., which being interpreted reads, Chief of Police. Then I should do nothing myself but keep out of dangerous places, and dictate thus and so to my subs.

I had made one or two brilliant catches even then. I had laid violent hands upon some wharf rats guilty of the ungodly traffic of smuggling bad whiskey into the back alleys of the "slum"-y districts of the city. I had pounced upon several petty burglars; had captured one or more despicable pickpockets, and so on; and was on the alert for anything new in my line.

I read Harney's letter again. "Medium height—peculiar appearance, &c., &c."

Could get over and understand everything but the &c.'s. Always considered them an uncommendable suffix to the alphabet. In this case they might mean much, or little; how could I tell? Must look sharp for the &c.'s.

Was taking a lunch at Rowe's when I received the letter; get the remainder of my thirty cents' worth through the straits leading from my palate to where the gastric juices could finish up, with all possible dispatch; punched my hat in at the crown, to look like a young loafer of the period, and stepped on board the 12 30 train, calculating to change cars for the Portland and Kennebec line, and stop a few hours in B——, that burrow of small-pattern thieves.

At H——'s road, a stopping place by the highway, in a country place with a huge evergreen forest on the one hand and a sluggish river on the other, we took on board another passenger.

It was late in the fall, and every one had a gruff, muffled-up, chilled, forbidding manner, that daunted sociability. So at first I did not say to myself that there was anything particularly noticeable about my fellow travellers. As the train, which had not fairly stopped to pick up the solitary passenger, now began clattering forward again, the man seemingly not finding things to please him in the forward portion of the train, made his way into the rear car, and taking a seat directly in front of me, mopped his face vigorously with a gory bright handkerchief, and bunched still farther down into his great coat. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat and a pair of blue spectacles, rode high on the bridge of his rather large, double-barrelled nose.

With a tingling sensation of the nerves, I gave heed to a thought that had just penetrated my brain. I then assumed a listless, dozing attitude, the better to watch and wait.

Directly this new-comer, after glancing furtively over the population of the car, turned squarely round and gave me the benefit of a glance from his keen, rapidly rolling eyes. Not content with the first gaze, he turned again, and this time I knew by the expression of his coat-back that he had received a shock through his entire *tissular* system.

Had he recognized me and my trade, as I had recognized him? Then I must be wary. "Medium size—peculiar, &c."

Directly he moved across the aisle and spoke to a fellow with a huge fur cap on. The furred fellow was startled at the communication. He rose somewhat, and then recollecting himself, suddenly divorced his coat-tails and sat down, with several nods. A confederate, I could be sworn on it.

They would dodge me before we arrived at A——, unless I looked sharply after them. I could see through a small crevice in my coat collar that they were watching me.

My personal appearance was not elegant, my coat being well rubbed at the elbows, showing my ponder-ous moods. My hat was felt to be much indisposed to style, but as yet I had not arrived to the condition of Dives—having my good things in this world.

In a little time the fussy, peculiar man drew out a gold watch to ascertain the time. I thought about the jewellers and &c.'s in the case, and longed to flourish over him the arm of the law and remove the yellow trinkets.

By-and-by he designed being sociable. He drew forth a snuff-box, rapped its head ferociously, and then offered the sneezable dust to me. I declined the proffered luxury, and assumed my dozing position. I am convinced that I saw a look of intelligence pass between this peculiar person and his confederate.

I recollected that it would be after nightfall before we arrived at our destination, and, no doubt, some plan would be arranged to get me out of the way. When we came to G——, owing to several stoppages and switchings off, I found that old Sol with shield up was charging full in our eyes from a yellow strip belting the western horizon. I concluded, therefore, as it was so near night and as the train tarried fifteen minutes here, to step out upon the platform, dimly hoping to meet one of the brotherhood, to whom I could impart an inkling of my suspicions, and insure against defeat.

Right at my heels came the fellow with the blue glasses and that other hail fellow. I was on the point of seizing the chap with the Roman nose, when he turned to the other fellow and said:

"Cigars—coming back in a moment," handing over his valise at the same time. It might be a ruse I thought, as the medium-sized man swooped like a huge bat from the steps, his coat-tails enacting the part of short, flapping wings; but I rather thought that he meant to come back, as the locality would be likely to be warned to look after him.

Back he came directly, one hand full of cigars and the other holding by his hat, which tilted uneasily in the strong draught which the wind had through the depot.

Not to delay, this deceptive watching was carried on until the conductor, opening the door, yelled, "Au-gus-ta!" and I found my chap with the &c.'s in his certificate was going to leave the train for good. There was the slow rising from the seat, as if intent upon getting yourself all up together, and the fumbling of the valise, followed by the firm grip which denotes the sure leave-taking of the car. He watched me with those keen-rolling eyes, half hesitating, half believing that I, also, was going off for good, and then we, with others, passed outside.

It was quite dark, but the lamps in the station showed us each other plainly. I here lost sight of the confederate, but I had taken his measure, mentally, and would, as soon as possible, fit him with a court suit.

&c. loitered; I loitered, wondering why the deuce C. O. P. had not sent Bitturn, or some other ally, up to learn what success I had had.

If I only knew just where fur-cap confederate was, I would pounce upon blue spectacles and risk being worsted.

Sent an eye scouting around the station. Saw confederate making his way over female band-boxes, but *vis a vis*, striding over grinning trunks whose jaws were crammed with dry goods, came Bitturn.

"Now," says I, "Carnes, pounce! Don't let another share your glory—*pounce!*"

I pounced. My hand straddled &c's collar in a twinkling, and "you're my prisoner," says I, while he vomited explosives by the hatful.

Up came his thumb and finger into my cravat, while I thought of the old round, "if a twister a-twisting should twist him a twist," what stuff will run through the cer-e-bellum at such times—but by St. Patrick! he did pinch my Adam's apple to the core.

"Thunder and Jehoshaphat! horse-tooth corn and dumplings!" he vociferated, wringing at my neck with a venom, while I jumped him up and down like as if I was rinsing out a jug—"what—what—*what*—murder, thieves!" jounce—"go to"—flounce, and jump Jim Crow, "*what!*"

Here he got out of wind, while I was getting the impression that I was a veritable swell-head.

Two more actors on the scene, while a huge crowd of spectators were collecting. Dandies ran up with their pants so tight that they held their mouths open; small boys let out huge hurrahs—one nuisance shouting:

"I bet my money," while the second took up where the first had given a rest, owing to a piece of sandy orange peel taking him in the hopper of his grist-mill, and went on—"the long tailed filly, and the big black hoss."

With no perceptible change of base, &c. and I held on; as if we gloated in our national motto of

"United we stand,
Divided we fall."

By Jove it was the best illustration of "down outside," and "promenade all," that you ever saw done without fiddle or prompter.

Bitturn now plunged into the waltz, so did confederate, only from different standpoints. Bitturn endeavored to shake me loose from &c. while confederate tried to loose my partner from me. Both of us waltzers were too near out of breath to more than yell—

"Help, help."

Just then C. O. P. himself arrived upon the scene. A twinkle like heat lightning began flickering over his face. Something was up, beside us four fellows, who were strung out by the gills like a stick of herring.

How the dickens he got at the pith of the affair so readily, is a case of divination.

He attempted to articulate something, but choked in the act, and could only flirt his handkerchief distractedly like a flag of truce, thus suspending hostilities until, &c. and myself got rid of our apoplectic feeling about the head.

For two minutes I thought that C. O. P. would strangle, but by a gigantic effort he calmed his risibilities, and giving a profound bow said:

"Doctor Dobbs, allow me to make you acquainted with —— Carnes, of the city detective force. Gentlemen, it is evident that there has been a trifling mistake, which both parties no doubt will be glad to arrange over an oyster stew at our headquarters."

Doctor Dobbs removed his glasses, and stared blinklessly at me. He then made several frantic jumps in his coat, which I had disarranged about the armholes; presented his snuff-box again with the pointed question—

"Have a sneeze?"

Struggling my neck loose again in my cravat, I shook my head, and tried to maintain a semblance of dignity, in view of the small boys coming in with their chorus—

"Who dare bet on the bay?"

We concluded to pocket the affair, and ambled off with Harney to an oyster stew.

"Got a line," said Dobbs, tucking away the oysters, "from A——, saying keep an eye out for seedy-looking chaps on the outward bound train from B——. Did—and collared one—bah!"

"My mistake arose," I exclaimed, "from the &c.'s in Harney's letter. If it hadn't been for those, I shouldn't have bunched Doctor Dobb's coat up under his arms."

"No apologies necessary," returns the affable fellow, "and you will often find that success follows a huge blunder."

It did in this case. I went out after that real &c. fellow with such a fury, that in ten days I captured him.

Found him in the woods in a disused logger's cabin, and had a regular rough and tumble fight before he would accept my bracelets. He was a half-crazed fellow just out of the tombs—but he was the best pugilist I had encountered up to that time. In exchange for my proffered bracelets, he got out a patent on my nose. I wore it club-footed for a month after the encounter.

A SOFT ANSWER, ETC.

Babington Jones, Esq. (who has presented his carte de visite).—"Yes, nicely taken, isn't it?—so mellow and, ah, so refined!"

Bertha (catching the enthusiasm).—"Oh! indeed it is, and such a beautiful, soft expression in the eyes, too!"

[Correspondence of the Chicago *Tribune.*]

CO-OPERATIVE WEDLOCK.

I suppose every person, or at least nine out of ten, who visit Utah for the first time, have been attacked by a morbid desire to learn something about Brigham Young and his wives. I confess to a consuming curiosity in this direction, and was no sooner set down in Salt Lake than I began to inquire after Brigham, his numerous wives and multitudinous progeny. I consulted the writings of Mrs. Waite and Mrs. Stenhouse, and Brigham's discourses; I interviewed old Mormons slyly, I talked with Mormon ladies, and did all a persistent Bohemian could to find out about the prophet and his household. The result was not satisfactory; but I consoled myself with the reflection that I had gone deeper into the mysteries of the harem than any writer who had preceded me.

According to my information, Brigham has been married and "sealed" to thirty women. Mrs. Stenhouse admits that she knew nineteen of these and puts them down as follows:—

FIRST AND LEGAL WIFE.

1. Mary Ann Angel Young.

POLYGAMIC WIVES.

2. Clara Decker Young. 3. Lucy Decker Young. 4. Emeline Free Young. 5. Harriet Cook Young. 6. Mrs. Twiss Young. 7. Eliza Burgess Young. 8. Susan Snively Young. 9. Lucy Bigelow Young. 10. Harriet Barney Seagers Young. 11. Martha Bowker Young. 12. Margaret Pierce Young. 13. Amelia Folson Young. 14. Augusta Cobb Folson Young. 15. Eliza Ann Jay Webb Young.

"PROXY" WIVES.

16. Emily Partridge Young; 17. Zina D. Huntingdon Jacobs Young; 18. Eliza R. Snow Young; 19. Mary Vann Cott Cobb Young.

In addition to these wives known by Mrs. Stenhouse, Mrs. Waite knew:

20. Ellen Rockwood Young; 21. Jemima Angel Young; 22. Margaret Alley Young; 23. Mrs. Hampton Young; 24. Mrs. Smith Young; 25. Clara Chase Young.

Leaving five wives to be accounted for.

Of the above-named ladies, Emily Partridge, Zina D. Huntingdon, Mrs. Smith and Eliza R. Snow were formerly sealed to the prophet, Joseph Smith, and are now "proxy" wives to Brigham, merely for the time, expecting to join their other husband and be his wife in eternity.

The California Horse.

A California paper, which fears that the native California horse will soon be numbered among the things of the past, says: "With all his defects he has some qualities and points of rare value that should be preserved. He can thrive and subsist where the American or English bloods would starve; is fleet and sure-footed as the mule, while his powers of endurance in the harness or under the saddle are unequalled. He is small of stature, but as symmetrical as the Arabian; wild by nature, and often vicious, but always spirited, and, with proper training and kind treatment, frequently exhibits all the affectionate sensibilities of the best breeds. It is no uncommon feat for him to carry a good rider one hundred miles in a day, and it is claimed that many of them can go much further in that time. We have seen specimens that, at the age of sixteen years, were as gay and fiery as the best blooded five year olds, and that would kill the most enduring of them on a short or long journey. As saddle horses they are preferred by all who know them best, as they are also for all light work. It has always seemed to us as passing strange that no attempt has ever yet been made in California to preserve the admirable qualities of this ancient stock of horses in their purity. To permit them to ignobly perish, as now seems likely, would be as singular as unfortunate."

There is a retrospective piece of history connected with Marshal Bazaine which is not without interest. It will be remembered that during the French occupation of Mexico the Marshal married Mademoiselle de la Pena, niece of the famous Pedrasza, formerly President of the Mexican Republic. As a wedding present, the Emperor Maximilian placed in the bridal basket of the young wife a deed which gave her possession of a magnificent palace, a really princely residence, used at one time for the French Embassy. Maximilian told Bazaine that when he left Mexico the house should be taken off his hands at the valuation of seven hundred thousand francs. On leaving, the Marshal was informed by the Council of Ministers in Mexico that he would find this sum at the Customs Office of Vera Cruz, where the Emperor had ordered it to be paid; but Bazaine, it is said, refused to accept it. As for the house, it served later on to pay the traitor who delivered up the Emperor Maximilian to his assassins. On the day after the surprise of Queretaro, Lopez, who betrayed Maximilian to Pepe Renion for Juarez, received the Marshal's house as the reward of his treachery. It has been ever since called by the Mexicans the "house of blood" (*Casa de Sangre.*")

☞ Strauss is forty-seven years of age, and worth nearly a million of dollars.

☞ A reporter has been interviewing Johann Strauss, who said he was delighted with everything in America but the lager beer, which he regarded as villainous, and he longed ardently to be restored to his "divine Vienna beer."

Answers to Correspondents.

A. B. C., (Leland, N. C.,) writes: "Having been a constant reader of your valuable paper for many years, I venture to ask a few questions, and want some advice. I have been engaged to marry a widow lady who is about twelve years older than I am. I am twenty-seven. My parents are desperately opposed to my marrying her, for which cause I have asked her to release me from our engagement, which she did, like a lady. She returned all my letters and gifts. I did the same. We parted to meet no more, with a kiss, and in the best of feelings. Since that time she has written to me to come back, and appeals to my pledges which I had made her while we were engaged; to my Christian feelings, and the relation that I hold in regard to my church; and, in a word, everything which I hold as dear and sacred. Now I want you to let me know what to do. Shall I go back? Do you not think she is acting very ungallantly for a lady? What course should I pursue? She also has a child twelve years old." You are under no obligations to renew the engagement; and her anxiety to have you do so is not sufficient reason for you to act contrary to your inclinations and your best judgment. The appeals she makes have no bearing upon the case, since, as we understand it, you have acted honorably, and need have no scruples of conscience about the matter. She may consider that the fact of your previous engagement warrants her to address you in this manner, but it certainly does not bind you to renew it.

H. A. W., (Auburn, Ind.,) says: "I thought I would have to bother you again with a few questions, which I hope you will answer in the Post. 1st. How many different railroads are there in the United States? 2d. In what year was the first railroad in the United States built, and where is it, and what is its name? 3d. Is this the kind of paper that I should use for writing for the press? 4th. Suppose there should be a rain in the United States, could there be a rain in China at the same time? 5th. What is the population of the United States (including the negro and the Indian)? 6th. Does a soft sound move as fast as a loud one?" 1st. There are more than 60,000 miles of railroad now in operation in the United States. These are divided between some six or seven hundred companies. 2d. The first railroad in the United States was built in 1827, from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., to the neighboring river, a distance of three miles. This was intended for horse cars. The first intended for steam locomotion was built from the coal mines of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company to Honesdale, in 1828. 3d. Yes. 4th. Of course—why not? 5th. The population of the United States, by the last census, is over thirty-eight and a half millions. Including the Indians it would be nearly thirty-nine millions. 6th. All sounds move with equal rapidity in the same medium, except in the case of very violent sounds, which, there is some reason to believe, move with an excess of velocity.

KATE (Cedar Grove, Ohio,) says: "I have several questions to ask, which I would be very much obliged if you would answer. 1st. I notice by the papers that there is a way to remove superfluous hair. Will you please tell me how it is done, as I am very much troubled about the hair growing on my face and neck; and if there is any remedy I am very anxious to find it, even if it is not considered quite safe? 2d. Does any one asking you questions have to sign their own name? 3d. Do you charge anything for publishing answers?" There are various preparations for the removal of superfluous hair, all depending on their caustic action. But as all such remedies are dangerous, we decline to give them. 2d. It is not necessary that questioners should sign their own names, though they need not fear doing so, as we print only initials. 3d. We make no charge for publishing answers, but simply decline to answer any unfair questions.

F. H. H. (Paris, Mich.,) asks: "Will you be so kind as to tell me whether there is a history of the life of Major John Andre? and if there is what is the price?" A very good work on the subject is Sargent's Life of André. Its price is $3.50.

LITTLEJOHN (Poland, N. Y.,) writes: "If I. M. (Cincinnatus, N. Y.,) wishes for information in regard to farms, hotels, &c., in the New England States, he can obtain it by enclosing ten cents to the N. E. Real Estate Journal, Mass., or the N. E. Real Estate Register, Hartford, Conn. He will find many of the farms very rocky, but not all; and the same number of acres will not keep as much stock as in northern New York.

W. H. G., (Sumter, S. C.,) writes, "I enclose you a statement of a question relating to letters, or printing, and which, of course, we refer to you as best authority. A claims that there is a certain style of printed letter which may properly be called the regular or standard letter, and variations from which are fancy. That the letter R, for instance, in type has a certain proportion, between the height, breadth, and thickness of the several parts. When an R is made out of these proportions, it is irregular and may be called a fancy letter. B claims that different founts of type vary to all sorts of degrees in these matters; and only when a letter varies excessively from a medium of proportion or shading, would it be called fancy or irregular." The types used in ordinary printing, vary principally in size, not in proportion of the letters. There are in use at the present day, forty or fifty different sizes of types, of which about sixteen sizes are used in book printing. These ordinary types are supposed to be made after a common proportion, though, of course, there may be slight differences in the productions of different makers. Of what you designate fancy type, used in job printing, &c., there are numerous varieties, and it may be held to include every form of type designedly made different from the ordinary Roman letter, but not to include the slight variations in this ordinary form of letter.

G. M. P., (Mound City, Mo.,) writes: "Allow me to call your attention to the following questions—1st. Who are the Indians now in America, and where did they come from? And how long had they been here before the discovery of America by Columbus, in the year 1492? 2d. Can you tell me who is Dolly Varden, and what is her occupation, and how old is she? 3d. Do you think it safe for a young man to try a package of Professor Hull's Magic Compound for forcing whiskers to grow on the face? I notice his advertisement in your paper every week; and is he a man that an individual can rely upon? 4th. How many States are there in the United States, and how many territories are there, and which is the largest, which the smallest? 5th. What do you think of my penmanship? Is it good or bad? 6th. What do you think of the grammar that is used in this epistle?" 1st. We should be very glad to be able to answer your question, as many of our ablest archæologists are asking the same question without hope of an answer. It is yet doubtful whether the Indians are aboriginal natives here, or whether they are Asiatic emigrants who drove out the previous inhabitants. It is therefore impossible to say who they are, whence they came, or how long they antedated Columbus. 2d. Dolly Varden is a myth, an imaginary character drawn by Dickens. Read "Barnaby Rudge," and you will learn all about her parentage, her occupation, and her age. The later Dolly Varden, who is now making so loud a noise in the world, is almost wholly a creature of fashion. 3d. We know nothing of the merits of the compound in question. We have no idea though that it is hurtful. 4th. There are thirty-seven States and eleven Territories. The largest State is Texas, the smallest, Rhode Island. In population, the largest is New York, and the smallest Nevada. 5th. Your penmanship is not very good. The grammatical construction of your letter might be better, though it is not seriously bad.

COUNTRY BOY (Industry, Pa.) says: "Having been taking your valuable paper for fifteen years, we prize it very highly. Will you be kind enough to answer the following question. Is the novelet, 'The Phantom of the Forest,' printed in book form, and where can it be got, and what will be the price?" We can send it to you. Price $1.75.

C. N. H. (Randolph Co., Mo.,) writes: "I am a reader of your much beloved Post, and as I am in trouble I come to you for advice, and wish to have you answer a few questions. I have been having the attentions of a young gentleman of good birth, and who is real smart, only a little mischievous. My parents forbid my keeping his company, or even speaking to him. Must I obey my parents, or still keep his company? How old should a girl be before she gets married? What is your opinion of my writing?" To be a little mischievous is the prerogative of your real smart boys, but opinions differ as to what constitutes mischievousness. With some it may consist in teasing the girls: with others, in drinking and other disreputable practices. You do not tell us what is the trouble here, but we should imagine, from the opposition of your parents, that it is something serious. By all means obey your parents. They know better than you what is for your good, and are, doubtless, desirous to promote your future happiness. We do not approve of too early marriages, and think that, in most cases, twenty years of age, for the lady, is quite young enough. In this climate, 19 to 24 is better. Your writing is passable.

HANNAH writes: "Will you please tell me, 1st, What size paper is preferable to write on in writing to a young gentleman, and of what length should the letter be? 2d, When a young lady is corresponding with a young gentleman, what length of time should she allow to elapse after receiving her letters before answering them? 3d, Do you think it proper for a young lady to receive presents from young gentlemen? 4th, On which finger should a young lady wear a ring, not an engagement ring, and do you think that more than one ring should be worn on the same finger? 5th, Should a young girl, fifteen years of age, ride or walk with or receive calls from young gentlemen? 6th, Do you think my language, writing and spelling good for a girl of fifteen years? I hope you will pardon me for writing with a pencil, as circumstances render it inconvenient to procure ink." In this case we shall have to pardon you, but would wish all our correspondents to bear in mind that pencilled notes are objectionable. Ink is not usually hard to procure, and is certainly preferable in all respects to pencil-writing. 1st, Note paper is usually preferred. Ladies generally like a size less than the ordinary commercial note, though the best size is entirely a matter of taste. As to the length of the letter, a single sheet of four pages is as much as most readers care to receive, though if the young gentleman be very much in love he might not object to a quire, all written and crossed. You had better sin on the side of omission, and not risk tiring your correspondent. 2d. She should be governed somewhat by the length of the intervals between his letters, but if his come too rapidly it would be best for her to increase her intervals, as a gentle hint that he is too partial to his pen. In the case of lovers we can give no rule. They are not amenable to ordinary standards of judgment. 3d. It is proper under certain circumstances. You should consult older and more experienced persons as to its propriety in any special case. 4th, All she need do is to avoid the engagement and wedding-ring finger. Any other finger will answer. They may be worn on any finger of the right hand, preferably the third or fourth fingers. Two rings are enough for one finger. More than that looks ostentatious. 5th, She should consult her parents. In many cases it would not be advisable; in others there would be no harm in it. 6th, You compose, write and spell very well for your age.

T. P. A. Morgan's can be procured for 10 cents apiece, Richardson's for 25 cents. Write to Central News Company, Philadelphia.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 85 letters.

My 1, 48, 84, 26, 59, 34, was the name of a son of Benjamin.

My 2, 31, 25, 65, 79, 82, is a book of the Old Testament.

My 3, 45, 57, 71, 85, 27, 42, 77, was the name of a son of Javan.

My 4, 30, 72, 75, 61, is a book of the New Testament.

My 5, 76, 70, 55, 48, is the name of a country frequently mentioned in the Bible.

My 6, 40, 82, 62, 22, was the name of the father of Zipporah.

My 7, 60, 69, was the name of a son of Ikkesh. He was also one of David's mighty men.

My 8, 35, 73, 74, 64, was the name of the king of Heshbon.

My 9, 51, 82, 56, 21, was the name of one of the sons of Micah.

My 10, 81, 80, 24, 57, was the name of the father of Socho.

My 11, 41, 18, 32, was the name of a brother of Jacob.

My 12, 78, 51, 57, 69, 14, 50, was the name of a wicked king of Egypt.

My 13, 22, 53, 58, 24, was the name of a mountain near the city of Jerusalem.

My 15, 18, 54, 37, was the name of another son of Benjamin.

My 31, 83, 28, was the name of the wilderness which the Israelites entered when they left the Red Sea.

My 16, 21, 47, 69, 52, 29, was the name of one of the places in which the Israelites encamped in the wilderness.

My 63, 67, 45, 66, 18, 44, was the name of a prophet, the son of Amos.

My 17, 18, 46, 51, 39, was the name of a son of Azel.

My 33, 11, 19, 2, 82, was one of Christ's Apostles.

My 49, 56, 23, 74, 69, was the name of a son of Ashur.

My 20, 18, 38, 55, 82, is what issued from the rock smitten by Moses at Mount Horeb.

My 68, 21, 60, was what existed between the Israelites and Benjamites.

My whole is a verse in the book of Proverbs.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

BURIED CAPES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Which is the most sincere, the love of men or the love of women?
2. Was Thomas able to complete his collegiate course?
3. Did Columbus discover South or North America?
4. 'Tis said that as colonel he did well, as a general he failed.
5. The life of a miser should be a lesson to all avaricious men.
6. As the weather was foul, we, at her request, postponed our journey.
7. The batteries, although operated skillfully, proved ineffectual.
8. I am a young and inexperienced writer.
9. Was the beggar a good scribe?
10. You note will be as the cash to me.
11. His uncle arrived in time to save his life.
12. Was Adam a native or a foreigner?

W. A. SIBSON.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

1. Above all else.
2. Written.
3. Ladies wear them.
4. A female name.

II.

1. A bird.
2. Learned.
3. A country.
4. Clean.

Ft. Snelling, Minn. GAHMEW.

ANAGRAMS—CONGRESSMEN.

1. Rove Shoe.
2. Purge Sea.
3. Torn Wharfs.
4. Glide Far.
5. King Foal Ben.
6. Poory me.
7. Rest nag.
8. Dog choir.

Antreville, S. C. DECAY.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—Lever. CHARADE—Railroad.
WORD SQUARE—

I.
E C L A T
C B A N E
L A T I N
A N I S E
T E N E T

II.
O R T S
R A R E
T R E E
S E E R

RECEIPTS.

RIBBEN BISCUIT.—1 quart milk, ½ cup lard or butter, half and half is a good rule, ½ cup of yeast, ½ tablespoonfuls white sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt. Flour to make a soft dough. Mix over night, warming the milk slightly, and melting the lard or butter. In the morning roll out into a sheet three-quarters of an inch in thickness, cut into round cakes, set these closely together in a pan, let them rise for twenty minutes, and bake twenty minutes. These delightful biscuits are even better if the above ingredients be set with half as much flour, in the form of thin sponge, and the rest of the flour be worked in five hours later. Let this rise five hours more, and proceed as already directed. This is the best plan if the biscuits are intended for tea.

CANNED FRUIT.—We have never found any trouble in canning fruit in the following way:—Peaches, pears etc., must be pared, quartered, and cored; plums should be stoned, etc. Then, adding just enough sugar to the fruit to make it palatable, put it on the stove—a porcelain kettle is the best—and let it just come to a boil in a little water. Have ready on the stove a kettle of boiling water, into which dip the jars—having first dipped them into warm water—and fill at once with the hot fruit. Seal immediately.

FOR A DISH OF RICE.—Take half a pound of rice, washed in salt and water; then put in two quarts of boiling water, and boil it briskly for twenty minutes; then strain it into a colander, and shake it into a dish, but not touch it with your fingers nor a spoon, and to be served up in a dish by itself.

PICKLED EGGS.—Boil eggs hard, and then divest them of their shells. Put them in a jar, and pour on them scalding vinegar, flavored with ginger, garlic, white pepper, and allspice. This pickle is capital with cold meat.

HAIR WASH.—One ounce powdered borax, half an ounce of powdered campbor, one quart of boiling water. When cool, pour into a bottle for use, and clean the head with it, applying with a flannel or sponge once a week.